

THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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Vol. XXXII.

JULY, 1876.

No. 1.

MORAL PROGRESS IN FICTION.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY, BY ALEX. T. ORMOND, '77, OF PA.

The progress of human thought has in the last century brought about a great revolution in the form and spirit of fiction. It has grown more philosophic, exchanging much of the old formality of plot and incident for the more difficult task of analyzing motives and passions. The poetic license allowed to genius by a less rigorous age is rescinded and the winged Pegasus, training his fiery spirit to the requirements of terra firma, must utilize his energies in bearing the burdens of life. This is not Utilitarianism, it is the legitimate demand of an earnest age that literature shall lend humanity a helping hand in the moral and social difficulties in which it is involved. The irresponsibility of fiction is among the things of the past, and every novelist is now held to a strict account for the theories he propounds and the morality he inculcates. Nay, the author who advances no theories, in philosophy or morals, is judged by the spirit and tendency of his works. Every writer on life

assumes some moral principle as the ground work of his delineation, usually the prevalent philosophy of the time, by which the tone of his writings are insensibly influenced. Though in Fielding and Sterne we find no speculative discussions such as Pope weaves into his verse, yet the same low ethical spirit prevails in their fiction. It is difficult to escape the conviction that the practical immorality which pollutes their pages is to a great degree the fruit of their false theories of life. Speculative principles lie at the very foundation of all our beliefs and practices, nor is it plausible that he who entertains the selfish theory of Hobbes will live so nobly or purely as he would under the inspiration of a more generous creed. The love of self-indulgence is the ruling passion of our lower nature, and any moral system founded on it obtains the eager support of men unaccustomed to control their appetites and passions. But this old world is full of pain and suffering, much of which seems to inhere in the very nature of things themselves; hence every age sets up its ideal world from which as from the Paradise of Islam or the Hunting Ground of the Indian the cross but not the self-indulgence is excluded. The law of self-denial is the one abnormal requirement to which men refuse submission; it does not flatter our "Home-bred fancies," so we eliminate the stones and brambles from the field of experience and transform its rugged steep into a ground for pleasure and repose.

History and human life are eloquent with the stern lesson that the noblest attainments are largely the fruit of adversity. The foundations of the most durable character are laid amid fierce struggles with evil, and the crown of moral greatness hangs above the cross and personal sacrifice. Unable to comprehend this the novelist substitutes for the fact of experience, the fiction of poetic justice. Flying to the opposite extreme from the Stoic he regards pain as an unmixed evil, and proceeds to paint an ideal realm over which the Goddess of Pleasure rules and dispenses the gifts of fortune to her votaries; or if he concedes the necessity of self-denials it is with

the express stipulation that sacrifice shall in the end be liberally recompensed. Such a theory whether in religion, philosophy, or fiction, is both unchristian and immoral. It can inspire the human mind with no generous purpose, and may be reconciled with the greatest extremes of lawless indulgence.

The fiction of the eighteenth century is, as a rule, defective both in its philosophic and moral aspects. Novelists drew admirable pictures of the manners and morals of the society in which they lived, but from sentimental Sterne to roystering Fielding there is a serious lack of moral purpose in all their writings. They not only fall into the prevailing vices of their times, but the key-note of their ethical philosophy is false. Take for example the greatest and upon the whole the healthiest genius of the period,—Fielding. His knowledge of the world is profound, his genius splendid, his humor broad and genial, his sympathies catholic, but alas what moral coarseness and stupidity; his grossness is barely preferable to the sentimentalism of Sterne or Richardson. Self-gratification, the fundamental dogma in Fielding's social and moral creed degrades life into a pursuit of pleasure; love under his profane touch, becomes both indelicate and impure, and virtue is but the outward disguise of some festering passion. His favorite type of character is true to nature, but in her beggary and rags: he confounds the clearest distinctions between virtue and vice and follows his peccant heroes through adventures of a very questionable nature with ill-concealed sympathy. There are two grave errors in Fielding's moral system. (1.) A thorough going sensualist himself, his characters are men and women in whom appetite and passion prevail over reason and conscience. They manifest a lawlessness in the pursuit of self-gratification that clashes perpetually with the peace and welfare of others. Such a principle is the moral antithesis of that law of Christian love which imposes the obligation of self-denial in the service of our neighbor. True, he produces an occasional exception to this rule, but the tone of his novels remains the same. (2.)

Fielding is also a devotee of that Goddess of the imagination, Poetic Justice. Circumstances are laid under heavy contributions to compensate his heroes for sufferings which in most cases are the natural penalties of broken laws. Though the principle is radically vicious, yet if true discrimination were shown in the awards, the result would be less offensive to our moral sense; but where, as is the case with Fielding, passion and inclination silence the claims of duty and conscience, there is no guarantee that vice will not be the favorite of fortune. If the rewards of life are to fall invariably to the lot of the deserving, it is highly important that an infallible standard of desert should be established. But what law of distribution does Fielding observe in the life and fortunes of "Tom Jones." His misfortunes might have been made the means of purifying and redeeming his nature; he should have returned penitent like the Prodigal of Scriptures to the embrace of the friends and society he had wronged; the moral laws he so grossly outraged had claims on him which he was bound to satisfy. Fielding shows his lack of moral judgment in crowning an infamous life with the rewards of the highest virtue. Wholly irresponsive to the spiritual and religious instincts of our nature he caricatures both the individual and social character of his age. Men and women were less gross, manners not so brutal, nor moral pretensions so hypocritical as his satirical laugh would lead us to conclude. Juvenal lashes the immoralities of Roman society with indignant earnestness, but Fielding satirizes impartially the virtues as well as the vices of his contemporaries. He pictures life as a sort of half masquerade in which an earnest purpose is seriously out of place.

The lovers of fiction owe a debt of gratitude to Walter Scott which they can never repay. His magnificent genius placed the novel on a plane of literary and artistic excellence that claimed the admiration of the most cultured minds. Displaying all the fascinating splendors of an inexhaustible imagi-

nation, his stories are wrought out in the highest classic beauty of style and expression.

Scott redeemed fiction from the moral degradation into which it had fallen under Fielding and his contemporaries, the atmosphere of his stories is thoroughly wholesome and stimulating, his ideal of life is generous and pure, his moral perceptions clear, and his sympathies wholly on the side of virtue. Scott stands pre-eminent among novelists in the homage he pays to an enlightened conscience; he brings the actions of men before the bar of Christian judgment and what is morally wrong receives his hearty condemnation. Sin, in his view, is no external garment to be thrown aside at pleasure, but an infraction of moral law, a taint of conscience which demands the repentance or punishment of the wrong-doer. He is also pre-eminent in his spiritual apprehension and recognition of the religious element in human nature. Accepting Christian truth with childlike faith he makes it a controlling power in human life. He never suffers men to lose sight of their duties and responsibilities as moral agents, but a sound religious philosophy underlies and shapes both his estimates and awards.

Scott rises far above preceding novelists in the more generous spirit that animates his characters. They break away from strictly personal and selfish pursuits and begin to respond to the demands of a nobler manhood. The service of country and friends, and the defence of the weak against the strong, rise paramount to mere personal considerations. Man as a citizen, a patriot, a friend, the advocate and defender of a cause figures as the hero of his novels. The prevalent spirit of his philosophy is a chivalrous devotion to something outside of self, a spirit which finds its most adequate expression in the grand sentiment of loyalty engendered by feudal institutions, or in the heroic self immolation of the crusades.

But closely allied to his chief excellence may be discovered his greatest defect. Absorbed in the external and objective he

scarcely touches the inner springs of motive or volition. He delineates the surface of human life with admirable skill ; the heart with its sins and temptations, its struggles and aspirations lies beyond his depth. Scott's active imagination is at home in the external world of incident and action, but of man as developing through his own experience into a higher or lower moral life he says nothing. Failing to see the connection between outward circumstances and the discipline of the individual, the practicability of making fiction an instrument of moral or social reform does not occur to his mind. He is silent concerning those problems of life which doubtless oppressed thoughtful minds then as now, and his imagination turning away from the events of his own age as from barren themes, chooses rather to revel among the traditionary glories of the past. The design of the Waverley Novels is esthetic rather than moral ; they afford rich entertainment to the few who have leisure to enjoy, but to the rank and file of humanity, the sinning and suffering hearts and burdened consciences they give neither encouragement nor assistance.

From Scott to Dickens what an interval of revolution and change ! The world of thought and action is energized and hurried onward by an irresistible impulse. Reform becomes the fashion of the times, and in the universal passion for philanthropic effort the novelist realises a call to a new sphere of action. Enjoying peculiar facilities for exposing social evils by showing their injurious influence on individual character, he must descend into the ranks of striving humanity and turn his genius to practical account. But to delineate successfully the bearing of the institution upon the individual demands a profounder analysis of character than any novelist had hitherto attempted.

Charles Dickens may be taken as the best type of the Philanthropic School. The Good Samaritan of fiction, the man whose tender sympathies have given a new tone to modern benevolence, whose rich nature flows out in affluent love for

the poor and down-trodden ; what words can express the admiration we feel for him ; he is too great for eulogies or tears.

A comparison of Dickens with Scott shows the superiority of the latter in the breadth and delineation of his characters. Proceeding from a wider acquaintance with men, his intuitive judgment guides him in the selection of universal types, while a strict artistic sense of propriety forbids exaggeration. He excels also in clearness of moral apprehension, showing a most accurate and discriminating knowledge of the true character of human actions. Dickens is somewhat at fault both in his knowledge of men and in his moral perceptions. His characters lack the breadth of Scott's delineations, being, like his sympathies, intensely and characteristically English. But what he loses in breadth is more than compensated in the greater depth of his novels. Under the inspiration of a noble purpose they become more subjective, more earnest, more satisfying to the demands of the moral nature. Scott lays down no law of duty sufficiently grand to enlist our moral enthusiasm. Dickens enforces the principle of active Christian philanthropy. Appealing to the sympathies of our nature, his mission is to rouse us to the relief of suffering and the reform of social abuse. He is the Quaker novelist without the Quaker dress, preaching peace and gentleness to all men. The great defect in Dickens' philosophy is that he appeals too exclusively to the emotions, and scarcely at all to the moral convictions. To attain the highest good, man requires that the spirit of philanthropy which seeks to relieve his sufferings should be held subordinate to a rational effort for his moral culture. Dickens reverses this law and holds the relief of suffering to be more important than the development and discipline of the individual. He therefore wages a noble contest with external and organized wrong, in whatever form, but fails utterly in the development of character. His power forsakes him at that point where sympathy becomes a blind guide and philosophic insight is required. What light does he throw on the struggle of the human heart

with selfishness and sin, its growth out of weakness into strength, its victories and defeats? Dickens leaves the philosophy of fiction almost as he found it. His great excellence lies in the practical use he makes of the novel as an instrument of reform. Evil in its outward, tangible form as injustice, tyranny, hypocrisy, brutality, how it wilts before his indignant satire; how the bulwarks of hoary abuse crumble under his Titanic strokes! how tenderly and helpfully he assists the down-trodden to rise! The master is in his proper element here. But evil as a principle to be dealt with in the development of character he leaves to other hands.

Thoughtful and earnest minds have ever been dissatisfied with fiction on account of its persistent representation of life in its external aspects, while they have felt that the real battle ground lies within where sin and passion are the enemies to be overcome, and the great victory self-conquest.

Differing in her views from all who have preceded her, and believing that life on its human side has a grander moral end than novelists have dreamed of in their philosophy, George Eliot enters the subjective region of character and essays a satisfactory solution of the difficulties with which it is beset. In carrying out this purpose she aims to revolutionize the whole ethical theory of fiction. Adapting her views to life in its hard dry reality she brands poetic justice a falsehood and hews away with indignant strokes at the altar which novelists have reared to material success. Riches, honors, successful desire, all that the world considers most desirable sink to a subordinate rank in her philosophy and the moral culture of the individual rises to its true dignity. George Eliot's fundamental principle is that our human experience is designed to discipline and purify, and that the actual conditions of our present life are best adapted to attain this end. Hence she makes no compromise with self-indulgence, but constrains her men and women to tread the same rugged pathway to purity and goodness. The rigid adherence to fact and the uncompromising

exclusion of romance from her life pictures may wear to the gentle spirit a harsh and repellant aspect, but it is only the stones that bruise and the thorns that pierce; the heart of the guide is kind and compassionate.

"The Mill on the Floss," is a dramatized discussion of the conflict between passion and obligation, pride and the duty of self-denial. The lesson it teaches is not so much that duty is always to be placed before pleasure, as that the true obligations of duty ever demand self-sacrifice as a moral preparation, to shrink from which, closes the door on the noblest possibilities of life. In the tragical conclusion of that sorrowful experience, the calm but mournful judgment is pronounced that when the dearest affections of the heart antagonize with our obligations to others the moral demands of life can be satisfied only by the immolation of passion upon the shrine of duty. Failing in her efforts to attain the monkish self-abnegation of the middle ages, Maggie Tulliver in the end practices a self-sacrifice grander than the ascetic Thomas a Kempis ever conceived in his most exalted dreams.

The death of the heroine in this story, has been by some, considered a blemish. But it is well to remember that there is an element of inevitableness in fiction as well as in history; a great character though fictitious, has a certain moral independence which the author dare not infringe. Yet it is possible that all the sweetness of adversity had not yet dawned on George Eliot's mind, and she may have chosen the death of her heroine as the shortest solution of a difficult problem. In her other novels the same truths are set forth and exemplified without the tragic conclusion.

Great in her fundamental principle, George Eliot is no less so in her application of that principle to human life. In her hands it becomes the "Open Sesame" that solves all those contradictions in human experience so perplexing to the thoughtful mind. She rightly judges that the appearance of fatalism over which so many novelists have stumbled would

vanish before the true standard of judgment; this she discovers in a simple determining force of human nature. Selfishness in her view is the one radical vice of the heart, the fruitful parent of sin and sorrow. Hence the great work in the development of character is the cultivation of the opposite virtue, a spirit of generous, outworking self-forgetfulness. Here we have a key to the history of all the personages who appear in her stories. Romola gifted with large capacities for self sacrifice grows under suffering into a character of heroic beauty. The selfish and mercenary Bulstrode, whom the tender mercies of poetic justice would have consigned to Erebus, after his sordid spirit has been broken on the wheel of misfortune and exposure, shows some capacity for moral improvement. But he is the steward with the one talent and can never rise above a medium standard of goodness. In other cases the progress is all toward evil. If the dry rot of self-indulgence has corrupted the very fibers of being, then moral degeneracy is inevitable; generous impulses wilt in its atmosphere, the path into sin grows smooth and steep and life falls into moral ruin for which no temporal prosperity can compensate. Such an experience is developed with masterly skill in the life of Tito Melema. The young Greek thrown up by the waves on the shores of Florence seems to have fallen upon a mine of golden possibilities; circumstances concur to realize his most extravagant dreams; fortune, honor, and love weave their triple garland for his handsome brow, and the wave which engulphs nobler men bears him serenely on its crest. But this is mere by-play; the vital issues are decided on a far different arena. With the Greek subtlety of intellect he inherits the Greek love of ease and this fatal weakness involves him in meshes of temptation that drag him down into a career of the barest infamy. There is a point where the possibilities of Romola and Tito seem to be equal; imperceptibly they begin to diverge till at last an impassable gulph yawns between the noblest and the meanest of mankind.

In this most impressive sermon on the duty of living nobly and denying self the author establishes two propositions; first, that the actual conditions of life, its pain and suffering and disappointment, give us precisely the kind of discipline needed for moral improvement. Secondly, that selfish impulses if gratified at the expense of obligation lead inevitably to moral degradation and ultimate ruin. George Eliot's latest novel, now appearing in Harper's Monthly, promises to be the most maturely considered and carefully developed story that has yet come from her pen. It is deeply philosophical, intensely moral from the outstart. There is the usual disregard of conventionalities, the usual insistence on essentials, and if one may be allowed to forecast, the same lesson so powerfully taught in "the Mill on the Floss," "Middle-March" and "Romola" will be more impressively exemplified in the experience of Daniel Deronda and Gwendolon Harleth. "As you like it is a bad finger post" and one may rest morally certain that the beautiful, haughty girl so intent on her own gratification has a very rough and thorny road to travel ere she comes to realize that true happiness is found alone in self-denial and the discharge of our obligations to others.

The service of humanity; this is the idea which underlies George Eliot's whole moral system, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," yea, "sacrifice thyself for the good of thy neighbor." All other ends compared to this sink into moral insignificance. We can now understand why she closes every portal against the struggling soul except that of self-renunciation. It is the first and fundamental condition of that ideal goodness which she seeks to realize. To attain this ideal the low born passion of self-love must be transformed into the love of humanity, and the desultory impulses of a generous nature must be confirmed and elevated into the supreme law of life and action. The moral grandeur of such a philosophy calls forth the highest enthusiasm of a noble mind. Aiming at a consistent and faithful working out of the noblest ideal of human character

through the discipline of experience, it accepts the stern realities of life and makes of them stepping stones to higher attainments.

It may well excite surprise that a mind capable of so profound an insight into the moral elements of human nature should stop short of a full recognition of its spiritual relations. Yet George Eliot is persistent in confining the hopes of men to the sphere of experience. The human heart is forbidden to aspire toward any good not bounded by the present life. To her the future is enveloped in impenetrable gloom. She has followed the Master with love and reverence through the Garden and sits weeping at the Cross, but the glories of the Resurrection and Ascension are veiled from her eyes. This spiritual blindness is the source of that hopeless spirit which pervades all her stories, crushing aspiration and giving a darker tinge to all her pictures of life. The one thing lacking in her philosophy is the perspective of religious faith, in the light of which our transient lives would have a more hopeful significance.

Fiction as represented by four great novelists evinces a constant progress in the character of its aims and the moral ideas on which it is founded. Breaking away from the trivial and immoral spirit of its youth, the *Waverley Novels* teach their lesson of pure living and chivalrous action to an age beginning to stir with generous aspirations; Dickens makes a practical and powerful appeal to the benevolent impulses of a people ripe for philanthropic effort, and to a generation yearning for a nobler ideal of life George Eliot proclaims her grand law of dutiful self denial. The moral structure of fiction will, to all appearance, be complete when some master genius adopting the conclusions which George Eliot has attained in the discipline of character, shall harmonize them with the higher law of Christian faith.

PRESIDENT WITHERSPOON.

John Witherspoon had already lived one famous life, before he came to America. Born under the first George, just ten years before Washington, he was a student at Edinburgh university, from the age of fourteen years to twenty-one (1736—1743). There, his co-equals in age, and associates in study and pleasure, were Hugh Blair, John Home, John Erskine, Alexander Carlyle, and William Robertson. These boys boarded together and must have been intimately acquainted. Carlyle says of Witherspoon's scholarship, that "he was far advanced for his age;" and of his natural qualities, that he was "open, frank and generous, pretending only to what he was, and supporting his title with spirit." "At the divinity hall, afterwards, he stood unrivalled for perspicuity of style, logical accuracy of thought, taste in sacred criticism, and all those intellectual qualities and accomplishments, which he exhibited in after life." It may have been such favorable representations as these, on the part of some of his aristocratic compeers, that procured him from the Earl of Eglinton his first presentation, to the parish of Beith, in the west of Scotland, twenty miles north of Ayr. His residence there was marked by a romantic incident. When Charles Edward, the hero of Waverley, having penetrated nearly to London, was forced to return to the north, fortune cast her last smile on his banners, as they fluttered on Falkirk, January 23d, 1746. The young minister of Beith, drawn by the dread attraction of the spectacle, looked down with a protestant's anxiety on the momentous strife. He was not aware of a movement of the Highlanders in his rear, till he found himself a prisoner, with other victims of curiosity. Confined for a time in the castle of Doune, he and John Home, the author of Douglas, with several others, tore their blankets in strips to make a rope, and swung down from the battlements by night.

The literary atmosphere he had breathed so long at Edinburgh had inspired him with a love for the English classics.

It is certain that his quiet labors at Beith were diversified by the study of Swift; for his first literary venture strongly reminds us of that master of satire and ridicule. The clergy of the Scottish kirk, in that century, like the congregationalists of New England, early in this, were divided into two hosts, strongly contrasting each other, which we may call evangelicals and latitudinarians. The one adhered closely to the scriptures, and to ascetic manners; the other prided themselves on culture and gentlemanly ways. Instead of repelling men by the uncompromising truths and morals of the gospel, this second party thought the world might be drawn to the church, by meeting them half-way. They called themselves the "moderate" party, because they were more indulgent than others when men were charged with heresy; and not too severe to fashionable, though unclerical offences. The Rev. Dr. Carlyle counts it among the services he had rendered religion, that he had been the first to play cards openly; and he defended himself with spirit, when arraigned for attending the theatre, and conversing with actresses. Witherspoon was one of the chief assailants of moderatism in the assembly; but, the heads of the two parties, Robertson, the historian, and Erskine, the friend of our Edwards, were ministers of one and the same church, the Gray Friars, in Edinburgh.

At the early age of thirty-one, (in 1754,) Witherspoon attacked the moderate party, in an anonymous satire, afterwards acknowledged and defended, called "Ecclesiastical characteristics; an humble attempt to open up the mystery of moderation." It sets forth, and illustrates twelve "maxims," on which the moderates were said to act. The first is, "All ecclesiastical persons, suspected of heresy, are to be esteemed men of great genius, vast learning, and uncommon worth." Second, "When any man is charged with loose practices, he is to be screened and protected, as much as possible." Third, "It is a necessary part of the character of a moderate man, never to speak of the confession of faith but with a sneer."

Fourth, "A good preacher must confine himself to social duties; his authorities must be drawn from heathen writers, none from scripture; he must be very unacceptable to the common people."

In illustrating one of the maxims, Witherspoon introduces "The Athenian creed," insinuating it to be that of the moderates. "I believe in the beauty and comely proportions of dame nature, and in Almighty Fate, for it hath been graciously obliged to make us all very good. I believe that the universe is a huge machine, wound up from everlasting by necessity. I believe that there is no ill in the universe, nor any such thing as virtue, absolutely considered; that those things vulgarly called *sins*, are only errors in the judgment, and foils to set off the beauty of nature; that the whole race of intelligent beings shall finally be happy; so that Judas is by this time a glorified saint, and it is good for him that he hath been born. I believe in the divinity of L. S. [lord Shaftesbury], the saintship of Marcus Antoninus, the perspicuity and sublimity of A. [Aken-side], and the perpetual duration of Mr. H.'s [Hutcheson's] works."

While this exquisite raillery might be very effective in France, among so grave a people as the Scotch it would be far more damaging, to represent the moderates as loose in practice, negligent in devotion, and irreverent in manner. Accordingly, the seventh maxim is this: "A moderate man must endeavor to put off any appearances of devotion, and avoid any unnecessary exercises of religious worship." In the illustration of this maxim, the following passage is introduced. "Sometimes, indeed, it may happen, that one of us may, at bed-time, be unequally yoked with an orthodox brother, who may propose a little unseasonable devotion, before we ly down to sleep: but, there are twenty ways of throwing cold water upon such a motion. Or, if it should be insisted on, I could recommend a moderate way of complying with it, from the example of one of our friends; who, on a like occasion, yielded

so far, that he stood up at the back of a chair, and said, O Lord, we thank thee for Mr. Bayle's dictionary, Amen."

It is no wonder that such satire as this, "produced a great sensation, and acquired immense popularity. Within less than ten years, it had passed to a fifth edition." We wonder it had not been the fiftieth. As little is it to be doubted that the author was feared and hated by his opponents; and that, when occasion came, they made him feel their resentment.

The "Characteristics" were followed by other acceptable publications: the "Essay on justification" (1756); "Inquiry into the nature and effects of the stage" (1757); and another humorous pamphlet, also anonymous, "The history of a corporation of servants, discovered in the interior of South America" (1765), in which he attacks the system of "patronage" prevailing at that time in the kirk. These led to various honorable offers of clerical advancement. In 1757, he was invited to Paisley, where he remained eleven years; receiving meanwhile, solicitations from Dundee, from Dublin, and even from Rotterdam. A thorn in his flesh, however, was meanwhile irritating his side, arising in part from his own indiscretion. One Saturday night in February, 1762, just before the celebration of the Lord's supper in Paisley, seven young men of position in the town, mostly manufacturers and merchants, met in a room occupied by one of their number, and with ostentation of noise and insult, caricatured the sermons, prayers and religious ceremonies they had been hearing in their churches, or were expecting the next day. The outrage was known to so many persons, that a public prosecution for blasphemy took place. A fortnight afterwards, Dr. Witherspoon alluded to it at length, in a sermon on Psalm I. 1. Some complaint of this was made by the young men, accompanied by misrepresentation of what he had said. To vindicate himself, he published the sermon, prefixing an account of what seemed to have been proved against them; and unhappily, he called them by name. They prosecuted him for libel, and the

judges decided that he was guilty. His friends interposed to save him from the pecuniary consequences of this suit, but it is said that he was never free from the embarrassment thus incurred, up to the time of his leaving Scotland.

His reputation had now become so general as to extend beyond the Atlantic. In 1766, the trustees of the College of New Jersey chose Witherspoon as the successor of president Finley, and requested Richard Stockton, of Princeton, then in England, to convey the invitation in person. The reluctance of his family to remove so far, caused a rejection of the proposal. But as the college remained without a head, he afterward intimated that they had become reconciled to the change. The offer was then repeated, and accepted. He sailed from Glasgow in May 1768, and landed in Philadelphia, early in August. "On the evening of his arrival at Princeton, as the guest of Richard Stockton, Nassau Hall was illuminated; and not only the whole village, but the adjacent country, and even the province at large, shared in the joy of the occasion." There was reason for it. Witherspoon was forty-six years old, Aristotle's period of perfect maturity. The reputation he brought with him, made him the peer of any man in America. Franklin was the only one whose fame was superior to his; and Franklin was then in London, as the representative of American rights. Rittenhouse may have been the greater genius; but men so unlike cannot be compared. The men whose great deeds in council and the field attracted afterwards the admiration of mankind, had not yet emerged from the obscurity of the professions and their own affairs. To solicit funds for the college, the President soon traversed a great part of the country, and freed the institution from debt. He applied himself with vigor and wisdom to the instruction and discipline of the students, awakening their admiration, and deserving their respect. He found the routine of college study narrow and dull; he raised it above "geography and the globes"; he amplified and exalted it, by introducing the metaphysics of his country, and alluring the students toward the literature he loved so well, through lec-

tures on "chronology and history." One of the departments he assumed was that of "Composition, taste and criticism;" and no man was more fit than he to lecture upon it. The simplicity, elegance, and vigor of style shown in the "Characteristics," are a noble model for young men. It is equal to the best of the English classics. The quiet, pellucid flow of some of his pieces, written in this country, vigorous as they are in thought, is a mild corrective of some loose, involved and pretentious modern styles. Such qualities justify the exclamation reported in Carlyle's autobiography: "How well these Scotchmen write English!"

During nine years previous to Witherspoon's accession, the average number of yearly graduates was thirteen. During eight years at the beginning of his administration, and before the college was dispersed by the war, the average graduation was seventeen. Some man, afterwards eminent, was in every one of those classes. He had the happiest influence in training the minds of Samuel Stanhope Smith, and of James Madison. William C. Rives, the biographer of the latter, says: "It was only the year before Mr. Madison's entrance at Princeton, that this truly great man [Dr. Witherspoon], was called to preside over it." "Mr. Madison formed a taste for the inquiries into the nature and constitution of the mind, which Dr. Witherspoon had added to the previous *curriculum*, and which gave to his political writings in after life their profound and philosophical cast." A letter from Madison to his father is extant, written from Princeton, when Witherspoon was traveling in Virginia, expressing the hope that they might meet. Madison returned to Princeton after his graduation, that he might enjoy for another year that intercourse with the president which had proved so profitable to him. Neither could have imagined that the studies they then pursued, were fitting them for the august arena on which next they met. Bancroft declares: "It was from Witherspoon that Madison imbibed the lesson of perfect freedom in matters of conscience." No greater service could have been rendered to our nation, than forming the mind of Madison.

When the growing gloom of the revolution at length shut down upon the land, the people of New Jersey were prompt to recognize Witherspoon's fitness to legislate for them. In June, 1776, he was a member of the provincial congress of New Jersey. During the short term of eleven days in which he sat there, the decisive step was taken of arresting the royal governor, and bringing him before them under military guard. The degenerate Franklin, haughty, though humiliated, disdained to give an account of his proceedings; and treated his interrogators as a body of ignorant rustics, who would shortly rue the presumption with which they were now acting. Stung by his contemptuous manner, Witherspoon loosed upon him a torrent of that sarcasm and galling raillery, with which in the "Characteristics" he had pickled *the sides of the "moderate" clergy of Scotland. He even taunted him with his illegitimate birth, and with the deficiencies of his early training.

The new policy of the State was now to be supported with vigor in the general congress, and Witherspoon, with others, was sent to Philadelphia, to represent it. He took his seat on the 27th of June, when the discussion on the resolution to declare the colonies independent of the crown was already far advanced. He desired a recapitulation of the arguments, and then added his voice to those of its advocates. He declared that the country was not only "ripe for the declaration," but that after Bunker Hill, and the evacuation of Boston, (and if he could have known what was passing in the south, as he spoke, he might have added, the defence of Fort Moultrie), there was danger that the popular mind would grow "rotten" with disgust, if it were longer delayed. Part of the speech delivered by him on this debate has been preserved; and it deserves to be transmitted to later times, as befitting the occasion, and characteristic of the man. "Of property I have some, of reputation more. That reputation is staked,

* "——[Lucilius] sale multo
Urbeni defricuit."

that property is pledged, on the issue of this conflict; and although these gray hairs must soon descend into the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather that they descend thither by the hand of the executioner, than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country." Thus, the most signal act of his life, signing that declaration, followed immediately on his assumption of the legislative character. It was no act of imitation, or acquiescence in the force of the current. Witherspoon was a man of thought, and had foreseen what he saw taking place. He emigrated hither just after the excitement about the stamp act; and after its repeal, he indignantly beheld the speedy resumption of the very policy which seemed to have been abandoned. He came from that country, and he belonged to that religious body, of whose history, usages and principles, the American revolution was but a corollary. From Geneva, and then from the Kirk of Scotland, just as much as from Scrooby, from Plymouth, and from Boston, did the declaration of independence come.

It might have been doubted whether his quiet life at Princeton had prepared Witherspoon for a senatorial career. But, his former experience in the general assembly, his familiarity with parliamentary forms, and the habit of ready reply, when a leader in debate, had fitted him for his new place, as well as forensic usages had prepared the rest. Beside, the continental congress was a great school of thought, not a mere tribune for showy speech. Its members had before them exigencies and difficulties never before so fully experienced. Out of the floating, half-discordant colonial masses, never called to such close co-operation before, a working whole was to be compacted, strong enough to stand the shock of battle, and the discouragement of defeat. Behind them were three millions of people, ready to follow, if they showed themselves wise and strong enough to lead. How different the case of legislators who have only to carry on a government, moving with a momentum acquired ages ago, from that of men who

have to create a nation, by exhibiting a commanding wisdom. Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Jay, Witherspoon, and their compeers, showed such wisdom; we behold the result. How different the sequel, twenty years later, when greater geniuses destroyed and tried to recreate social order in France; but only set in motion machinery which ground its engineers to powder. The supreme difficulty of the American problem was, that everything was to be done at once—resources to be created, jealousies to be quieted, ambitions to be gratified, the storm of war to be withstood. Let us admire the prudence that won success; and adore the Providence that inspired and guided it. That among such men Witherspoon was respected, is much; that he exerted a controlling influence is more.

He never spoke without written preparation; yet he never read a speech. Having carefully studied his subject, and committed to memory what he would say, he waited till something was said or done, resembling what he had prepared; and alluding to that, made his discourse seem to grow out of it. In the pulpit he had delivered written sermons so well, that they were thought extempore; and now he seemed a ready and finished orator. His previous reputation, thus supported, caused him to be placed on important committees. Such were the secret service committee, the finance committee, the board of war, the committee to secure foreign aid, the commission to visit the dissatisfied Pennsylvania troops, the commission to settle the disputes about the Hampshire grants. All these demanded practical wisdom, caution, prudence. Dr. Alexander has said, "he was the rival of Franklin in his sagacity, and of Reed in his resolution." His reported speeches are marked by sound sense, knowledge of men, acquaintance with affairs. In finance, especially, he was wiser than his generation. His "Essay upon money," abounding in facts, and replete with good sense, must have cleared up the mysteries of circulation for many bewildered minds. It was a strange,

but a most honorable distinction, that a clergyman should be the chief confidant and counsellor of Robert Morris. In the purely political questions requiring to be considered, he exhibited a far-reaching sagacity, deserving to be called statesmanship. In opposition to the narrow, but prevailing jealousy of encroachment by the great states upon the smaller, the dread of standing armies, the fear of centralization, he insisted on the benefits, and the necessity of a close confederacy. He was willing to trust the people; which many were too wise to do. And though he was temporarily overborne, and that which he hoped for long delayed, he had at last the pleasure of seeing his views gradually prevail, and finally triumph. If his heart rejoiced in 1787, how much more would it have exulted now.

The place of a representative in congress was then most responsible, yet thankless. Its compensation was inadequate even to a frugal support. Witherspoon complained of its meagreness, and consented to a re-election, only on condition that he should judge how constantly his attendance was necessary. Yet he remained a member during six years, at the sacrifice of his family interests. When the British occupied Princeton, they ravaged his farm. His eldest son fell at the battle of Germantown. After the surrender of Cornwallis, therefore, he returned home and resumed his place in the college.

He was the only clergyman who sat in the congress of the revolution. In it he well sustained the demands of religion and the clerical dignity. Resembling Washington in personal presence, he was not a man to brook improprieties in speech or conduct. In another communion, he would have risen to the prelacy; and when the time arrived for a fixed organization in his own church, he occupied a high position in the assemblies of the Presbyterian church. His theology, as became a descendant of John Knox, corresponded with that of the old school in the recent phraseology. In 1785 he was chairman

of a large committee charged to report a form of government for that church, throughout the United States. He preached the opening sermon at the first general assembly, and presided till a moderator was chosen. He was chairman of a committee on ecclesiastical censures, and on public worship. He was an influential member of the assembly as long as he lived. He continued to preach, even when deprived of sight, in the last years of his life. Being guided to the pulpit by friendly hands, he pronounced with ease and naturalness, sermons which had been read aloud from his manuscript, before he left home.

No man who has held the reins at Princeton,—no president of an American college,—has filled such a place in the public eye as John Witherspoon. However great the reputation, and extraordinary the merits of his predecessors, the brief term of office characteristic of them all, prevented the peculiar impress of any being communicated to the college. Witherspoon enjoyed a rare felicity in this respect. A distinguished foreigner, an eminent citizen, whom extraordinary circumstances had invested with a halo of renown, his continuance in office exceeded that of all his predecessors united. One of the improvements he inaugurated here, was the careful study of our language, and especially the cultivation of extemporary speech. Princeton owes to him that steady practice of the oratorical faculty, which has given to her sons so large a representation in the councils of the nation. He overlived by twenty years the period when he was first summoned to a national celebrity. During the concluding portion, therefore, of his life, his influence in the college must have been proportionally great. Young men must have looked up to him, as the Greeks to Nestor, as the representative of a past generation, of another hemisphere, and of great events. What he said, came recommended to them, not only by his personal presence, but by the reverence with which he was looked on through the land. And when, almost seventy-five years old, his daylight lost, amid the shades of his Tusculum he descended

to the grave, in 1794, their eyes must have followed him, as they had often watched the summer sun, with an impressive sense of the majesty and beneficence of his career.

FREDERICK VINTON.

FAITH'S EMBLEM.

O lily, bosomed on the Summer lake,
And swaying with its ripples in the sun,
Your snowy armored heart of gold would break
Should Winter's whisper turn the waves to stone.
But while the Southern winds their kisses press
Upon your upturned face, and round you close
In ever-loving, unrebuked caress,
You heed not Winter with its weary snows.

Ah! lily, with the sunlight in your breast,
You emblem, in your mystic beauty, Faith,
That trembles in its ecstasy of rest
Upon Love's pulsing bosom. Dreary Death,
So passionless, so pitilessly cold,
Must chill sometime that heart; and then, ah! then
Will Love be but a memory of old,
And Faith droop lifeless to its grave again?

O lily, fragrant as the asphodel
That blooms in Paradise, did God's own hand
Pour out his incense in your snowy bell
Or touch your blossom with His glory-wand?
O blooming Faith, by guardian watchers kept
Through night's long shadows and dawn's dim mist,
Did spirit-lips breathe on you while you slept
And leave Heaven's sweetness as their eucharist?

O Love! O Faith! O lily-emblem true,
Since darkness hastes and wintry wanness nears,—
Since frosts must silver where but late the dew
Crept trembling with its Summer-weight of tears;
Therefore cling close while suns gleam in the skies;
Let lip touch lip while Heaven knows not of strife;
Then, when fond Summer ~~unto~~ Autumn hies,
Heart pressed to heart, Death shall seem sweet as Life.

NEWELL WOOLSEY WELLS.

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

Poet by nature, and artist in occupation, delighting in the manifestation of objective beauty, with an eye keen to receive all that is beautiful in Nature, and with an ear quick to catch all melody, William Morris stands before the world of literature, an artist of the Beautiful, and the poet of Taste.

To analyze his poems accurately, and to describe them in such a manner as to bring vividly before the eyes of him who has never read them their surpassing sweetness, would require the pen and the powers of description of a master of criticism. As well would it be to attempt to picture upon a single canvas all the changing lights and shadows of a day in early Spring. As well could we describe, to a note, the music of an Æolian harp, now rising to a shriek of despair, now sinking to a languid, soothing strain.

But although incapability would forbid the average student of literature from criticizing the poems of Morris, still he has liberty to admire the poet's beauties, and to criticize his glaring faults. Such liberty can never be denied, even to the humblest of admirers or critics.

William Morris is one of that new school of impassioned young poets which has sprung up in England during the later years of Victoria the Good. Like many others of that school, he is not only a poet, but also follows, and enjoys, other branches of art. His genius is shown in decoration and drawing, as well as in the pages of his books. The influences of these employments may be seen in his writings. Skilled in the art of decoration, he decorates his poems as he would his walls or tiles, with the blending of vivid colors, and the quaintness of design, that distinguished Middle-age decoration. But his colors always harmonize, and his designs, however intricate, are always pleasing to the eye.

In 1858, "The Defence of Guenevere and other poems," Mr. Morris's first work, appeared. In these minor poems he

shared the fate of many other distinguished poets. He was moderately, but not eminently, successful. These poems may be said to be rather experiments in metre, than fair samples of the poet's power. What the painted windows of Canterbury are in art, such are the "Haystack in the Woods" and "Golden Wings." They stir up all that love of antiquity that lingers in the breasts of the Anglo-Saxon race, and they lead us back, in fancy, when

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot or an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
Went to Towered Camelot.

But when we awaken from our day dream, we realize the width of the distance between the poets of the Chaucerian era, and their modern imitators, as we realize the contrast between a sunshine-flooded canvas of Murillo, and the distorted figures on the gaudy window panes.

In his minor poems we see that Morris has not yet ascended to the stately mountain range of "Jason," or even to the breezy upland of the "Earthly Paradise." He is still wandering in the wilderness of metres through which Swinburne struggles, and we are pained to see him stumble into the same ditch, into which that distinguished blasphemer has fallen, namely, that of Obscurity. Nothing can be more Pre-Chaucerian, and at the same time more like a senseless jingle of rhymes, than some of the "other poems" which we find among Mr. Morris's first efforts. Sense is frequently sacrificed to form and metre, that the poems may have that appearance of antiquity that is now so much admired, in china, lace, and in poetry. This may be very pleasing to that class of people who delight to cumber their rooms with every species of bric-a-brac and who prefer a battered piece of Henri-deux ware to the most beautiful product of Sevres, but to the general public, who speak the English of the nineteenth century, and not the jargon of Chaucer, it appears only as an affectation. Bishop Percy has

left us so many ballads whose only merit is their antiquity, that no thanks are due to Mr. Morris for furnishing us with a cheap imitation of an original, that is itself poor.

Quite often, however, Mr. Morris extricates himself from the jungle, and presents us with fine poems. By far the best of his minor poems is "King Arthur's Tomb." Thanks to the touching manner in which the poet, in this poem, depicts the repentance of Guenevere, all the loathing with which we have viewed her is swept away. We see her in the true light, as a beautiful but weak woman, willing to do right, but drawn by the cords of a love, such as human hearts are broken in suppressing. We see her begging for pardon with lovely eyes suffused with tears, and fair bosom heaving with the sobs that burst from an overladen heart, and we feel that were she in this world hard would it be to find the man who would cast the first stone at her sin. It is a poem that cannot be read without emotion.

"The Haystack in the Floods" may also, with equal justice, be called one of the best of Morris's short poems. It is a picture of middle age love and cruelty worthy of the pen of a Motley, or the brush of a Kaulbach. It is written with a grim earnestness that is in sharp contrast with the style of "Praise of my Lady," and the reader cannot but feel the deepest admiration for the poet, who can write songs so widely different, and write both well. The metre is as expressive as the words. We can almost hear the low despairing moan of the maid, and the struggles of the tortured knight as the verse flows along in a slow and mournful strain.

But is hardly fair to judge Mr. Morris by his minor poems. Shakespeare is not judged by "Lucrece."

"Guenevere and other Poems" are but shadows of the poet's coming greatness. For the fulfilment of the expectations he has raised within us, we must turn to the "Life and Death of Jason."

"Jason" is the same delightful legend with which the scholar is familiar from the days of his boyhood: But as the

wild rose of our hedge rows is to the three hundred varieties that bloom in the gardens of Flanders, so is the rugged old legend to the symmetrical and melodious lyrical poem which Morris has written. The poet having tried his wings in the lower regions of ballad minstrelsy, now soaring upward into the clear ether, rejoices in the cheerful sunshine which made glad the heart of Chaucer, and illumined the song of Herrick and Suckling.

The strain is strong but sweet, like the tones of a well-tuned organ, when at the touch of skillful fingers, it gives forth the whispering harmonies of Mozart. Throughout the poet is serious and calm, except when he gives way to scholarly enthusiasm, such as the deeds of the old adventurous Greeks cannot fail to awaken in a lover of brave men, and heroic deeds. But his seriousness is not that of sage and sober Milton. It is the smiling placidity of the man, who sitting in the groves of Woodstock, with the nightingales trilling around him, fashioned the *Canterbury Tales*. "Jason" is written in the Homeric style, and with a fine appreciation of the Homeric spirit. The metre could scarcely be better chosen. It has almost the thunder roll of the *Iliad*, and proves conclusively that no language is better adapted for transmission of the style and spirit of Homer, than modern English.

"Jason" will perhaps be remembered and read longer than any of the poems of Morris. It is the nearest approach to grandeur, of which he is capable.

Great as was the step from ballad poetry to "Jason," still greater was the advance from "Jason" to the "Earthly Paradise." In this all the promises of future greatness that the poet has given us in his shorter poems, and again made with greater force in Jason, are brought to a fulfillment that both delights and satisfies his admirers.

In the "Earthly Paradise" the poet enters upon a work that is in perfect harmony with his tastes. He is by nature a skillful raconteur, and now he enters upon the task, or rather

pleasure to him, of story-telling, with a vigor and enthusiasm that is charming. The poem is pre-eminently Chaucerian. The verse, the method, and the language, all remind us of Chaucer. Like him Morris enters the treasure house of legendary lore, and taking therefrom the pearls and rubies of ancient story, he strings them together, and adds diamonds of his own polishing and cutting. The result is a necklace worthy to lie upon the bosom of Erato herself.

Vast as is the length of the poem the reader never grows weary. The poet happily avoids the interminable length of "Jason," by making the poem to consist of short stories, connected by preludes after the manner of his masters, Boccaccio and Chaucer. Thus the interest of the reader is constantly excited by the promise of something new, and he is led on from tale to tale, and from season to season, until the book is finished.

The tales are derived from many sources. Now the poet borrows from the *Gesta Romanorum*, now from the romantic tales of Germany. He dips into the myths of the Eddas, explores the folk-lore of Sweden, and even reproduces in more beautiful forms the tales over which the Arabs hang with breathless interest as they fall from the lips of the story-teller.

Imagine the labor which has been required, in exploring the literatures of so many lands. Imagine the enthusiasm which must have impelled the poet to so great research, and we get an idea of the love that the poet has for his work.

Mr. Stedman tells us that "There is no purer and fresher landscape, more clearly visible to the author and reader, than is to be found everywhere in the course of Morris's later volumes." This every reader of Morris's poems will find to be not only true, but even a description that is scarcely adequate. So marvellous, so delicate are the poet's powers of appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature, that any description, unless written by a poet himself, will fail to convey an adequate idea of them.

No one leads us farther out of the dust and turmoil of life into the regions where all is beauty and poetry and calm enjoyment than the author of the "Earthly Paradise." His rural scenes are master-pieces. As we read we can almost fancy ourselves, for the hour, in the midst of lovely scenes he paints, and when we are called to awake from the pleasant dream, we cry out, in words that have fallen musically from his own honeyed mouth—

"What should we do ? thou wouldst not have us wake
From out the arms of this rare happy dream,
And wish to leave the murmur of the stream,
The rustling boughs, the twitter of the birds,
And all thy thousand peaceful happy words."

In the "Earthly Paradise" Morris not only goes back to Chaucer for inspiration, but goes even to the Nature that inspired Chaucer. Like Chaucer he does not seek subjects for poetry among the bricks and mortar of the city, and the men whose manners and tastes have been warped and estranged from naturalness by city life, but goes out into the fresh, open, country, and studies nature in her purity. To such a one Nature is never ungrateful. She opens to his wondering eyes vistas of beauty, unnoticed before, and surrounds commonplace objects with a glory that transfigures them. And she also points the poet to the Creator whose hand has made all things.

* * * * *

Not even Surrey or Wyatt have written more upon one subject than Morris. There is one theme of which he is never tired. No matter how the tale he writes may begin, we know that before it is ended it will turn into a love-story, as naturally as the needle turns to the pole, or the Pre-Raphaelite to his ornamented tiles, stained glass, and pictures painted without regard to perspective or chiaroscuro.

To Morris "Love is Enough." The charming poem in which he expressed this sentiment was hardly needed to con-

vince readers of his poetry that such was his conviction. Upon the foundation of *love* he rears all his glittering fabrics, and takes care that all human passions and delights shall be "ministers to Love, and feed his sacred flame," in the world of poetry, if not in that matter-of-fact earth from which he holds himself apart, and above whose sin-laden air he dwells in an atmosphere of poetry and beauty.

It has been said that there are two kinds of love, one in which the eye instructs the heart, the other in which the heart informs and guides the eye. The love that glows in the breast of the heroes and heroines of Morris is of the latter and nobler kind. Their hearts teach their eyes to see in the forms and minds of those they love beauties almost divine, where perhaps the eye of the chance observer would perceive nothing worthy of high praise. And the poet by his magic power transmits to us the enthusiasm that his heroes feel. We too feel as if we could know the same soul-drawing love were we to see the lovable creatures which he creates and worships like a second Pygmalion. This is the "*ars poetica*" in its highest sense and compels our admiration.

The glorious light of Love falls upon everything in Morris with the same golden lustre. It gilds alike the forms of Gods, and fighting Greeks, and fair-haired Norsemen voyaging on the tossing waves, and lovers seeking "that other life they long to meet, without which life their own is incomplete."

But in every picture there is shadow as well as light. No man is born into life upon whose path sunlight will always fall. In the very midst of the poet's joyousness, we see that a horror is creeping upon him, and we mark the attempt to laugh away fear, and drown care in music and laughter. There sits a skeleton at the feast where Morris sings, and that skeleton is a terrible dread of the yawning grave, the black pall, and the hopeless future that was before the man who has lived only for pleasure. Not even the sweet hope that his poems will live, when he has passed away, can banish such visions.

Epicurean by nature and cultivation, he lives and writes only for the present. "Let us love, and sing, and rejoice in the goods the gods provide," he cries. "Take no thought for the morrow; enjoy the present hour. Death is coming soon, and the grave, wherein is no love, nor pleasant sounds of music and laughter." But as he speaks he shrinks in terror, as if he already felt the hand of the Destroyer upon him. So to him as to all mortals, no rose is without its thorn, no day without its gloomy night. We are even forced to go farther, and say, that to him day *may* be followed by the starlight but *never* by the cloudless beauty of moon-lit skies.

The poetry of William Morris is written for the Present, not for posterity. It lacks that element of grand beauty which secures immortality to a poet's works. Like a tender violet by the roadside, it will bloom for a time, and then the dust flying from the road, upon which all men travel to their journey's end, will cover it and obscure its beauty.

All that is earthly returns to earth and even its name is forgotten. Only the Eternal mind bears it in remembrance. What is heavenly wins eternity by its own excellence, and when the very existence of Morris is forgotten, *Love*, the theme upon which he dwelt, shall live.

C. S. C. '77.

WITHERED.

Pale flowers—

I seem to see them clasped to-day,
In baby fingers, marble-cold;
As long ago they lightly lay,
Scarce resting in their gentle hold.

Fair flowers—

How meet in sunny hours to spring,
Sending frail forms and beautiful,
To deck with grace—love's offering—
The temple of a sinless soul.

T.

THE WAIL OF THE LITTLE BOY.

A GRADUATING ORATION BY ARTHUR B. CONGER.

“And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie, may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part of a truth, is a harder matter to fight.”

—TENNYSON.

We summon to our consciousness this morning the phantasm of a little boy. Not any particular little boy, (and thus we escape the charge of personality), but one who embodies the characteristics of a class. Such is the nature of this class that when one member is thoroughly understood, and this is no difficult task, the mind has an adequate conception of every other. We wish in these few words to depict this class, and we have chosen this method as preferable to any that was presented.

Well, there is nothing extraordinary about our little boy, except the high opinion which he entertains concerning his ego. He is about medium height, with shoulders rather broader than the average. He has a full face, and his expression indicates, in general, perfect immunity from all severe shocks occasioned by blows of thought. He hails from the country. In short, he is a better than ordinary specimen of a robust corn-fed rustic. He may be seen in all places of human resort, except a lady's drawing-room, and there, too, if he happens to be a clergyman. Wherever you met him you would be able to recognize him by his likeness to the portrait we have just drawn; whether it were in the Feejee Islands or the college campus. To the choice field of classic ground we will relegate our observations in his further delineation; and within these narrow limits we will confine ourselves to the characterization of a specific peculiarity.

He might have been seen any day for the last hundred years, and he may be seen to-day, slowly pacing Nassau's

walks with dejected mien and solemn tread. At a short distance a discriminating eye would remark a clean line down his face—clean because of the ablution of the semperfluent tear; and the attentive tympanum would vibrate with the excursions of a low but uniform wail. And this is what he was uttering, or rather muttering continually. "Thur-Ing have taken counsel against me. They will not allow me any class or hall appointments. Though I drudge and display merit as the result, I can achieve no guerdon for my labors. Ah! me miserum!" He was truly wretched; but not for the reasons which he preferred. He was partly led astray by his overweening conceit; but he also purposely distorted the facts. The truth was that his head was sore; but he was not ingenuous, and therefore would not acknowledge that the malady was in his own head and its original furniture.

However his lugubrious lament he would repeat daily when the campus was crowded. Now it came to pass that his audience was very promiscuous. Members of Thur-Ing heard him and smiled, for it seemed to them that what he said was so palpably ridiculous as not to warrant a moment's serious reflection. Now here they made a mistake, for they afterwards learned to their cost, as we shall see, that the weight of a proposition on a certain order of minds is commensurate with its utter foolishness and inanition. But there was among his hearers another class which elicits our profoundest sympathy. They were his class-mates; but they differed from him in this particular, that they were men of honor and real mental worth. They, because they knew not that he was a liar and seeing him in so deplorable a state, joined him in opposing Thur-Ing. And they were his greatest acquisition, for their influence gave tone and prestige to his party.

And the professors, in passing, saw his miserable plight, and asked: "Whence this mournful lamentation and weeping?" And they were told. Moreover, he visited them and continued to cry in their presence for hours together, and

they, not hearing anything to the contrary, believed him. Besides, they were inclined to the reception of what he unfolded, and he told enough truth to make his story plausible. They saw, in the first place, that he got no honors from his class-mates. They saw that, although a blockhead, he was diligent and took moderately high in his class. Besides, he was a regular attendant at the prayer-meetings, and though some said that he prayed to be seen of men, with others he had the reputation of being very devout.

On the other hand, they saw that those who composed Thur-Ing were prominent in all college interests. In the main they did not appear to study much; but nearly every one of them was a person of worth and notable for excellence in at least one avenue of college activity. Oftentimes their tastes would lead them to devote their energies to literary pursuits and the curriculum, and then they always succeeded. But they were genial, convivial, whole-souled men, and, on this account, false charges of dissipation gained credence against them. And this is why. There are some very good people who cannot dissociate a good-humored joviality from vice. They are good and—blue and cannot conceive of goodness divorced from indigo content. In the sequel Thur-Ing were subjected to all kinds of restraint, and suffered because they were lied about. Thus the little boy triumphed.

As for the little boy, Thur-Ing offered no opposition to his attaining distinction. Nature did. She framed him for usefulness at the forge or behind the plow, but the Presbyterian Board of Education, being wiser, sent him to college. The truths herein set forth we never hope that he will admit; for his wail is of that insignificant character, that while it affects others only by deceiving them and enlisting sympathies, is still continuous and sufficiently loud to preclude all other sounds from his audition. We have mentioned certain men as being his coadjutors, whom we hope, at no distant period, will wake up to the truth.

THE USES OF VACATION.

JOHN HALL, D.D., NEW YORK.

Were I a student of Princeton College, and were I liberated about the first of July 1876, I wonder what I should do with myself during the Summer months, until the Fall summoned me back to the autumnal shades, and the work of another college year. Let me ponder that question here upon paper; and if the honor may be allowed me of a page in the college organ I shall appreciate it heartily. He who is known only to his cotemporaries will die with them, but a man whom the succeeding generation recognizes, has a chance to be remembered when he and his cotemporaries no longer make or endure speeches, found or confound colleges.

Well, to begin with, I should be limited in some degree by my circumstances. If for example, I were being trained for service in that non-eclectic study—how to get money to secure an education, I might not be able to choose. I should have to take such work as I could get; and I hope I should go to it cheerily, and do it vigorously. I should of course philosophize about the real rest being change of employment, announce oracularly that new muscles—not Professor Goldie's muscles—but those dealt with by the other professors—were brought into action, and I hope return in September a stronger and a more capable man. For it is a consolation to know that many of the most forcible men in church and state in their early years have had vacations among the untasted “pleasures of hope.”

Or I might be of that small class of whom almost every College has a specimen—a married student; and there is the highest written authority for the principle that such an one must “please his wife.” Or I might be of the larger class of men, “engaged,” or strongly wishing to be, and obedient therefore to an unwritten law, which modifies the “freedom of the will,” and suggests that other treatise of the great Edwards,

that on the "affections." In this latter case I should probably be furtively finding out where the family, and *she*—there is only one "she" to a man in that stage of his development—are to spend their summer, and proving by undoubted evidence that that particular spot is the loveliest, the most salubrious, and the most favorable to the renovation of a student's exhausted powers, on this entire continent.

But suppose myself free—quite free—what should I do?

Well, to begin with, I should take a day or two to realize that I was free; to reconcile myself to doing without chapel; to cultivating resignation under the loss of Psychology, Mathematics, the beauties of Xenophon, or the "chapel-stages" of Cicero. I should glide gradually into a quiet thankfulness that one more year was over; that I was through it, without being conspicuously low down, or which is next worst, with difficulty among the first; that in fact, (I should put it in English, it being vacation) I had walked safest in the middle.

Then I should cultivate my social affections a little, making visits to my relations, taking care not to affect any dignity, not to patronize my cousins—who have not yet the good fortune to be at Princeton; and when, "the girls,"—not the least like ox-eyed Juno—said to me "Isn't it awfully hard at College?" I should try not to say, "oh! no," in such a way as to imply that really I had put forth unheard-of efforts, and that only a man of first-rate genius could possibly have survived the strain. Then if I could manage it, I should resort—after my run to Philadelphia, for a student has a country—to some region of mountains and streams, or if it liked me better, to the far-re-sounding sea (only I should not talk the classic nonsense) carrying with me the implements affected by the Anglo-Saxon race all the world over, the male members of which are never so happy as when killing, or trying (the others "kill" without effort) to kill something. It might be fishing-rod, or gun; but whatever the choice, I should be in earnest about it. No more intolerable bore can afflict a vacation party than the man

who shows no interest in anything. He ought to be left to guard the cannon, or be shut up with only the MS. copies of the J. O. speeches, to stimulate into health his sluggish spirit.

Not that I should treat books as my mortal enemies during the vacation. Far from it. I should look out, and beg, borrow, buy, or—otherwise procure, some good, readable books, not entirely in the line of my studies and yet not very far away from it, and carry them with me for wet days, mornings, evenings, and those delicious hours without which no vacation is complete, when

“*Recubans sub tegmine fagi*,”

a man can keep pleasant company with Lord Macaulay, or Mr. Bryant, or the gentle-voiced Whittier, or Alfred Tennyson, or Longfellow, or Mr. Browning; when he can hear in imagination the thunderous voice of a Webster, or making a pillow of the “Speeches,” listen to the more eloquent voices of whispering winds, or be hushed, and made tender and good by the stillness that enfolds him. No one knows himself, or the world—in the only sweet sense—who has not graduated in this wider university, where rocks and trees, sun and winds are the text books, and the Almighty Maker speaks to the human soul in tones only less solemn and articulate than those of the Written Revelation.

Which reminds me that were I the happy Princeton student going out for the vacation of '76—which alas! I can never be, for life takes no steps backward—I should not, I hope, forget the solemn times of last winter; the overshadowing Presence of God—the “power of the world to come” then felt—and the tender fellowship of meetings, and walks, and talks, where honest hearts yearned over others, and unaffected praises went up to the Highest. I hope I should remember all this, and the meaning of it, and in rest as in labor, in forest or by the stream or sea, carry about with me, not indeed shouting it into every man's ear—whether receptive or not—but speaking it modestly and reverently as I had opportunity, as the undertone of all the music of my life *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*.

VOICE OF THE ALUMNI.

ALUMNI REPRESENTATION.

It is a somewhat curious fact that Princeton College is the only great institution of the kind in America or in Great Britain which does not allow its graduates a share in its control. The history of other universities is, in good part, the history of what their sons have done for their welfare. But if any one should set about relating the story of our Alma Mater, it is not of her sons, but of her step-sons and of her guardians, that he would have chiefly to speak. The university of Bologna, on the other hand, that famous school of law, of philosophy, and of medicine, which in the fifth century was founded by the Emperor Theodosius, and in the thirteenth century had gathered to its cloisters no less than ten thousand young men, was originally a corporation of students only, its earliest statutes being simply voluntary agreements entered into by them, its first charter being immunities granted them by the church, and all of its professors being elected by them. The other Italian universities were but offshoots from it, and whatever strength or beauty they possessed was acquired by the methods and from the soil of the parent stock. Not the teachers, not the trustees, but the students made the university. Moreover, they selected, not only the persons who were to instruct them, but also the academical officers to whom those persons were responsible. It is true that the great university of Paris, which was contemporary with that of Bologna, and which gave shape and color to the similar institutions of England, of Germany, and of the Baltic states, was principally under the

control of the professors; but the students always elected the rector, and, on important occasions, were convened together with the faculty, for the transaction of legislative business. The corporate title of the University of Oxford is "The Chancellor, Masters and Scholars of the University of Oxford"—the scholars, it is scarcely necessary to explain, being those undergraduates who are entitled to a part of the revenues of the university. All graduates who have taken the degree of master of arts are members of the House of Convocation, and have a voice in enacting, interpreting, or altering the statutes. The corporate title of the university of Cambridge is likewise "The Chancellor, Masters and Scholars of the university of Cambridge," and its undergraduates and graduates have, and since the Dark Ages always have had, a similar control in its management. The new university of London, founded in 1836, is governed by the Senate and House of Convocation, the latter body consisting entirely of the graduates. In the university of St. Andrews, founded in 1411, the students triennially elect the rector; while the Chancellor or President receives the suffrages of the General Council which is composed in part of all masters of arts, as well as of those undergraduates who have attended lectures for four full sessions. To a similar extent, also, the universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin, are conducted by their respective graduates and undergraduates. While on this side of the water, Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Union, Rutgers, and other colleges have enrolled their alumni among their overseers and governors.

Princeton stands apart. Her board of trustees in whom is vested sole and absolute control of all matters, is a close corporation; and except when elected a trustee, no one of her sons has anything more to do with the management of her affairs than has the coal-carrier or the bed-maker within her walls. Their advice, even, is declined—*without* thanks. Their opinions and suggestions are neither asked for, nor, when volunteered, listened to. In contradistinction to the very idea

of a university, in contradiction to primeval tradition, in expatriation of the spirit of the age, she wraps herself in the garments of unapproachableness, sits beneath her glorious elms, and says to her sons: "Be far from me, ye sinful and silly men."

Nevertheless these sons of hers are just now exerting themselves very heartily for the advancement of her interests. Within a few months Alumni Associations have been organized in New York, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore, in Washington, in Pittsburgh, in Newark, and in Cincinnati. Chicago proposes to add her name to the list; and other cities, doubtless, will not be laggard. The fact is, that Princeton graduates are displaying a magnificent *esprit du corps*. They are behaving like brave knights, and their lady is peerless. For a very slight token—nay, without even a smile from her, they are glad and resolute to fight in her behalf. And they are coming to feel towards Princeton very much as Matthew Arnold felt towards Oxford, when he exclaimed: "Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our country, so serene! Who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us near to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from the other side?"

But changes in the management of universities are the order of the day. The history of Oxford and of Cambridge since the year 1800—as every person at all conversant with it knows—is the record principally of alterations, of deviations, of divergencies, and of new departures. Political and religious tests and oaths have been abolished; and text-books like Blair's *Rhetoric*, Kames' *Elements*, Hume's and Robertson's *Histories*—once charts and lighthouses—have all of them hopelessly and deservedly gone under. Indeed, long before that date, the spirit of innovation had taken possession of the ivy-clad cloisters. William Tyndale, the first scholar of the English Reformation, was an Oxford student; Hugh Latimer, its

first preacher, was a Cambridge student; and ever romantic and fresh, is the story of the rapidity with which the "new learning" entered, swept, and garnished for posterity the same old schools that in previous ages had successfully confronted Feudalism and Ecclesiastical Tradition, with the spiritual forces of Democracy and Free Inquiry. In our own country, Harvard and Yale have caught from the cliffs of Albion the echo of reform; and after a century of close corporationism, the fathers are invoking to their council-chambers the wishes and the wisdom of their sons. Harvard has organized a Board of Overseers, composed exclusively of graduates, whose duty it is to inspect, to examine, to report upon, and if so inclined to approve of, the measures enacted by the Corporation; and, in a letter to the writer of these lines, President Eliot says: "The election of the Harvard Board of Overseers by the Alumni has worked admirably." Yale has gone a step farther, and has admitted into her Board of Trustees a representation from her alumni. President Porter writes that the plan has operated well there, and that in his opinion, it would operate well elsewhere.

Why cannot, Princeton, also, adapt herself to the demands of the times, and keep step to the music of the age? Everything that grows changes; consistency is the attribute of stones. We believe that if the enlightened graduates of Nassau Hall will only display some tenacity of purpose, their wishes in this direction will be neither slowly nor gingerly rewarded. Joubert has said somewhere with characteristic fineness that "ignorance, which in matters of morals extenuates the crime, is itself in intellectual matters a crime of the first order." The statement is a truth; and we shall acquit ourselves of a gravely imperious duty, if we proceed forthwith to let our light shine. Meanwhile, appreciating as we all do the brilliancy of our present President's administration, we are encouraged by the hope that, as he struck the Philistines one good blow when he lifted to the fair table-lands of German and

French and English Literature Juniors and Seniors who before were floundering in Greek and Latin and Mathematics, and as he dealt another mighty stroke when he set about reforming our most miserable grammar-schools, he will put his armour on again, and ally himself with the earnest and thoughtful graduates who desire and deserve some recognition in the Board of Trustees of the College of New Jersey.

PRINCETON AS THE MOTHER OF COLLEGES.

It is our special calling in this Centennial Year, to find the hidden sources of many a stream of our National History, as it rises amongst the annals of "*An hundred years ago.*"

It occurs in our time, to witness "the child that is an hundred years old"—and to exhibit to ancient dynasties the marvellous progress of a nation whose century-clock has just struck *one*.

It is interesting to trace the influence of our *Alma Mater* as the Mother of Colleges. The year 1766 was the last year of President Finley's administration. A young man, just come to his first score of years, was a graduate of that class. Eight years afterwards he crossed the Alleghenies as a missionary, to what was then familiarly known as the "*Backwoods.*" He returned after a three months' service and was ordained on the 23d of May, 1776—a few weeks before the Declaration of Independence—to remove to this frontier region, and to do the work of an Evangelist. This pioneer was JAMES POWER, of the invincible Scotch-Irish stock, to whom this country is so largely indebted. Such *thistle-down* floated the seeds of Princeton's educational life beyond the Alleghenies. Migration to this Western Pennsylvania was no child's play at that time. Crossing the mountains, with no roads for vehicles,

with only the rough horse-paths, over rocks, along precipices, and across morasses,—the traveller liable to be attacked by the Indians and slaughtered without mercy—it was truly Apostolic to venture upon such an expedition. This Princeton minister on horseback carried his eldest daughter on a pillion behind him and the youngest in his arms. The other two daughters were swung in baskets over a second horse—the mother was mounted on a third—and the household goods were loaded on pack horses following. This man has the repute of taking part in the earliest educational movement of this region.

It belonged to JOSEPH SMITH, a college mate of Power, and a graduate of two years earlier ('64), to join him in these ultramontane wilds in 1779–80, three years after the former had located hereabout. It is of record that in 1785 he opened the first school that had specially in view the training of young men for the christian ministry, in these parts. But in 1782, THADDEUS DOD, a Princeton graduate of '73, under President Witherspoon, set on foot a classical and mathematical school—the first of which we have definite record. He visited this region in the winter of '76, and was ordained the following year. He was the second minister who was settled in this "Western Province," anticipating Smith about three years. In the village of Washington in the spring of 1782 he taught a town school or academy in the Old Court House for about a year, then removing to *Ten Mile*, he erected a school-house near his own dwelling, which was kept in operation about three years and a half. And out of this pioneer institution came the *Washington Academy*, which, with the co-operation of these Princeton missionaries, was chartered in Sept., 1787, went into operation in 1789 with between twenty and thirty students, and grew into the WASHINGTON COLLEGE, which was incorporated in March, 1806, with a donation of 5000 acres of land.

But about the same period another Princeton graduate figures prominently among these educational pioneers, and in some respects may be said to have towered above the rest. It was JOHN McMILLAN, who entered Princeton College in '70, under Witherspoon's administration, and a college mate of Thaddeus Dod, a Chester County man along with Power and Smith, and of kindred spirit in religious and educational enterprise. It has become very difficult to settle the priority of these men in their scholastic movements. He visited this region in 1775, attracted doubtless by his co-laborers who were in the advance, and in 1776, April 23d, he accepted a call, but was hindered by the war and the Indian raids from removing his family to the field until 1778. Between this time and the opening of Thaddeus Dod's school in '82, he is believed to have started a school in his own house at Chartiers, near Canonsburg, probably about the same time with Thaddeus Dod's at Washington. This "*Log-Cabin School*" of McMillan grew into the Canonsburg Academy, which was chartered in 1794, seven years after the Washington Academy. But in 1802, four years before the incorporation of Washington College, this school was chartered as THE JEFFERSON COLLEGE, *the first, therefore, west of the Alleghenies*. One of the principals of the Canonsburg Academy was JAMES CARNAHAN, who, in return for the planting service of Princeton's sons, went back to serve her in the Presidency as one of her distinguished line. JAMES WATSON, the first President of Jefferson College, was raised from a menial service by Dr. McMillan to a place in the Canonsburg Academy, with pecuniary aid furnished by a FUND IN THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY.

THADDEUS DOD, a Jerseyman of Newark, was celebrated for his mathematical abilities. He was reputed to be the only man west of the mountains who understood all the mysteries of the *Gunter's Scale*. And his grand-nephew came afterwards to occupy the chair of mathematics in Princeton College, as the eminent and admired Professor ALBERT B. DOD.

Thus the great golden candlestick of our Alma Mater throws her light across the high mountain ridges of the Alleghenies, and her own stalwart sons respond to her signals, and pass her orders along the lines and across our mountain ranges to the distant Pacific.

These *four Evangelists*—these Centennial men of Princeton College—laid the foundations of learning in the great West, among a sturdy Scotch-Irish people, with whom they had affinity ; and at the close of a century the generations rise up and call them blessed.

COLLEGE DISCIPLINE IN RELATION TO COLLEGE STUDIES.

The relationship of discipline to college studies involves practical questions worthy of serious consideration. With a body of students ever increasing in number, it is necessary that new provision should be made from year to year for their education and government. In order to this, new buildings have been erected, new professorships established, new departments instituted. And yet, with all this material progress, there are important respects in which little improvement has been made. I refer especially to the subject of college discipline, and to the consequent state of feeling existing between students and faculty. There is still felt by the students that abnormal yet general sentiment of opposition to the faculty, and still continue to appear occasionally outbreaks of dissatisfaction with various phases of college government. And the quantity of time and patience consumed by the faculty over cases of discipline is something more than a vanishing fraction. Such facts as these force us to consider whether the present methods of college discipline might not be so modified as to

better serve the ends in view. It is the object of the present article to press upon the attention of all interested in the discipline of the college two measures which might assist in bringing about the desired result.

First, divorce studies and discipline. The commingling of these two elements produces constant irritation on the part of both students and faculty. The result with the student frequently is that his standing in class is no indication of his grade in scholarship. So far as his college record is concerned, a few tardy marks or gymnasium absences may present him to the outside world as a poor student or an inferior scholar; whereas the ends of discipline might have been better served and the scholarship of not a few materially advanced, could these two departments have been kept distinct. On the other hand, much valuable time might be saved and the moral influence of faculty with students greatly increased, could the administration of discipline be placed in the hands of a judiciary committee of one or more members.

The second measure is that the standard for admission be raised. The influence this would have upon college discipline is apparent. Better and older students entering college there would be less necessity for the many disciplinary regulations which impede the freedom, if they do not burden the memories and consciences of both students and faculty. It is alleged, as an objection, that by raising the standard for admission, we would exclude from college poor men's sons, some of whom make our best students. Admitting that we do see here and there a student attaining high college honors, who entered poorly prepared, such cases form the exception, not the rule. The standard should be so adjusted as to stimulate the many rather than accommodate the few. A low standard of admission, besides opening the way for all the disadvantages of a bad start, actually repels a large and valuable class who graduate with honor from the schools. It is held that what is lost at the start may be made up at the finish. This, however, is a

most difficult matter and one under which the college is now laboring. The crowding of work in the Senior year is fast becoming a serious evil. A second objection, that our preparatory schools are not sufficiently advanced, has as little force. Unless somewhere the demand is made for higher school training the desired advance will never be reached. The objection sounds all the weaker when offered by an institution which every year is graduating a supply of might-be teachers. As it is we are turning into professional and other channels the educating force for coming generations.

Through these measures, establishing high ends and such means as will best accomplish them, it is believed that the discipline of the college could be more easily and satisfactorily adjusted.

A. M.

VOICE OF THE STUDENTS.

COLLEGE FRATERNITIES.

After our dismission last Nov. the subject of college fraternities was debated pro and con in various aspects. But such were the heat and zeal manifested on both sides that it was difficult to determine whether they were discussing or only engaged in that innocent pastime minus the prepositional prefix. We are confident that no truth can be elucidated by any such process. "It may justly be said, in regard to secret societies, that an ounce of practical knowledge is worth a pound of theoretical conclusions." Without pretending to settle anything, therefore, we design to show that every man has it within his power to acquire this practical knowledge.

As preliminary to this, however, let us endeavor to answer the inquiry: "For what purpose do we come to college?" The ready reply of many would be to attain to excellence in the departments marked out in the curriculum. But this we think, can only proceed from a very superficial investigation. For observe, there are many men who come here who could not by any amount of assiduity become even passable scholars. The Faculty expect their classes to contain such and signify their opinion that they have a place here by the system of grading pursued. Shall we affirm then that the authorities err in allowing these men to graduate? We think not; because we often see that they have undergone a very marked development at Old Nassau. And this is the proof. After they leave college we find them taking rank with the high and distinguished of the land.

Our view is that a collegiate education is intended to fit a young man for the better fulfillment of the duties of after life. Just as our present state is probationary to a higher; so in college we are on trial and the sentence cannot be pronounced but by the tribunal of the world. And as each man must stand or fall in this world in consequence of his merits, or their lack, *he* must be allowed to decide as to the course which will result in his greatest usefulness—ensure him most success.

That fraternities may be an agency in the development of sterling qualities is attested, first, by the inner consciousness of man. In order that the reader may make a more facile use of this instrument, we will invite him to accompany us while we contemplate, *a priori*, the conduct of a class of young men as they assemble at the college pale. We shall see them come from all grades of society. We shall observe them view all subjects from different standpoints. We will also note their different aptitudes and various proclivities. From the very necessities of their being they will divide into cliques, like assimilating itself to like. In a word they will form friendships. Each will be congenial to the company with which he is associated; and all will be esteemed for different, sometimes divergent traits. The perplexities and vicissitudes of college life will beset them on all sides. Those who are behindhand in their studies will seek the aid of those who are proficient in classical and mathematical subtleties, and in turn will render assistance in the ball-field or the gymnasium to the friend whom too close an application to sedentary pursuits has made weak-muscled and unapt at athletic exercises.

Let us now restrict our view to one such body. It will become exclusive. It will be perfectly satisfied with the friends it comprises and will not care to seek affiliations outside of its precincts. The bonds that unite it will become sacred and nothing that passes within will be rehearsed in the vulgar ear. We will see the component members of such a coterie first joining their efforts for mutual help. They will have a com-

munity of interest; namely to seek each other's advancement; and, better than this, the sentiment of honor will take a high and appropriate position in their intercourse—both esoteric and exoteric. Thus they will be found ever watchful for the welfare and happiness of one another; until as a further development their love is determined to the organization which has inspired their noble endeavors. And here they have an additional spur to active work. To see that the society reaches the loftiest pinnacle of prestige and character is the aim of their every ambition. And what is life? Is it not, in so far as it is morally correct, the earnest struggle of the individual for the benefit and amelioration of every man he meets in his passage through the great world? In all candor we ask is not the picture we have just drawn the miniature of, that which represents the scenes of after life? But remember it is for trying exigencies of manhood that the college-boy is preparing.

This is the much decried fraternity. And that our portraiture is accurate is corroborated by the great and good men who sing the praises of their societies at all periods of their lives. Again if this were a figment of imagination or an artifice of deceit would the fraternities be perpetuated? Would men generation after generation allow themselves to be cajoled into a society and work for its advancement for the mere purpose of practicing their acquired finesse on a set of willing dupes?

That charge most detrimental to fraternities is that they are "social, by which is meant eating and drinking"—two frivolous amusements in which, I beg you to remark, most *men* indulge. We do not profess to be angelic, and until our wings begin to sprout we fear that we cannot "derive sustenance from the atmosphere." If, however, it is supposed that we meet for the purpose of gourmandizing and debauchery I can testify for my own fraternity at least that I have yet to see the first bit of food and the first drop of drink at one of its meetings. We didn't even have water!

The second source of evidence that is open to every man is the catalogues of the fraternities. These contain the names of their members from their foundation till the present time. The occupations of the older members are also indicated. What they *have* done it is not difficult to ascertain. The catalogues become, therefore, a sufficient history of the fraternities and "to the presumption of history, to whose mirror the scattered rays of moral evidence finally converge," we would refer all objectors. When they allege that fraternities have injured hall, we turn to these pages and display the names of more than half the Junior Orators. When they aver that society men amount to nothing in college, we revert to these refulgent galaxies of names and expose not a few which have been adorned with the first honors of their classes, many others to which the title of Fellow has been attached, and, in fact, every other emolument the college has to bestow.

Around the darkness of an adverse representation the testimony of the fraternity catalogues sheds a glorious halo. In the splendor of its illumination, indeed, the dark shades are dissipated and nothing but brilliancy is discernible; because the bright light of indisputable truth has burst upon the view. To our catalogues, therefore, we would invite and solicit the closest and most critical scrutiny; for in them will be found the names of men who now occupy positions of eminence and trust in all the higher departments of human activity. Go to them and they will tell you, as they have told us, that the most important of these traits to which they owe whatever they have achieved, were first evolved and exercised under the benign influences of the fraternity of their choice. And in this there is nothing strange. In the "Scottish Philosophy" there are these sentences which are remarkable as illustrative of this phenomenon: "When in Dublin, Hutcheson and some others formed a club in which papers were read by the members on philosophic themes. It is an interesting circumstance, that in the next age some of the most important works of

Gerard, Reid, Beattie and Campbell sprang out of a similar society in Aberdeen." In literature also consider the books which trace their origin to small seclusive clubs. Lamb, Hazlitt and three or four others used to meet every week. In our own country too who can compute the good that arose from that club in which Lowell, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Emerson spent so many delightful evenings? And when young men combine to aid each other to work out this difficult problem of life—to make men of themselves—is it marvellous that they should succeed? B.

ORAL EXAMINATIONS.

The propriety of this sort of examination has long been a mooted question both among the faculty and the students. That this is true of the former is shown by the fact that all finals are required by law to be written, while the dissatisfaction occasioned by one of these examinations is sufficient proof that this is true also of the latter. If justice in grade is of no account whatever, then an oral may answer the purpose; but in a college where standing is to so great an extent considered the test of ability, endeavors should be made to have it as equitable as possible. It is but little less than absurd to think that any professor can determine the comparative merits of a hundred students from the few questions which he can propound in the brief space—five or ten minutes—that is allotted to an oral. In all probability the more fluent talker is the more fortunate man, and then too, one part of a subject is often much harder to expound than another, so that from every side we find error creeping in to vitiate the result. Formerly the tendency of orals was to raise the standard of grades, for it is a rare occurrence to see an absolute "fizzle" on one of them but lately the eighty-five system was introduced and the professor feeling this sword of Damocles hanging over him is

compelled to cut down the average of his department. Then arises the question: How is this to be done? Shall all the grades of the department be lowered a certain per cent., or shall individual grades only be affected? Apparently the latter has been the plan adopted. If this system is to continue and these wide distinctions are to be made, it must be evident that an oral is scarcely fitted to gain the desired end, for mostly the difference between the recitations is scarcely perceptible while in a written there is no such difficulty. If it is necessary to have an oral to pass men, then let there be an oral bearing the same relation to a written on the same subject that the oral in mathematics now bears to the written in mathematics—then and then only can absolute justice be done. Scarcely any one will claim that orals are just, let us see if they are ever expedient. The main end of all examinations is undoubtedly to make students familiar with the subject. Now an oral scarcely does this, it may stimulate the careful student who needs no stimulus, but one who is the least inclined to indolence mostly prefers to take the chances rather than the "polling." The standard of the college should be elevated and this can be done in no way better than by showing men that they must work if they desire to pass a creditable examination. At all events let us have more justice than can be gained either from the eighty-five system or from that of oral examinations.

S.

A COLLEGE HALL

We believe that this has been suggested before in the Lit. but not very recently or very strongly. It is really an important theme. It is a matter of regret and a detriment to the interests of the college and town that we have no public Hall. The Churches are the only places for Lectures, Concerts and all Public Exercises. While the churches have to a certain

extent supplied the need, they are poor substitutes. There are many literary and musical treats missed by the students and citizens from the want of a suitable place. The Trustees of the Churches would not care to have the Churches used for a good many of these entertainments. It would be a wear and tear upon the buildings and might not be just proper for a Church. Again, the Churches are not fitted for it. The platforms are very small. Even our small College orchestra could with difficulty be arranged in the Second Church. We know many first-class troupes are prevented from coming here by this. By "troupes" we have no reference to minstrel or third-class Dramatic arrangements; Cook's Hall is too large for them. But such an excellent company of singers as the "Young Apollo Club" and such an orchestra as that of Theodore Thomas are compelled to pass us by. They would come if there was a proper and commodious hall. Many of the regular college features, such as the Lectures of the Lecture Association, and the Glee Club Concerts, could then be held there, and much more conveniently. We earnestly hope some kind benefactor will bestow upon the College the gift of a large and handsome Hall. We are getting well supplied with buildings of all kinds, and we need this to complete the list. It will be a happy day for Princeton, and will bring many excellent entertainments to the place when a Hall of some magnitude is erected.

M.

EXCHANGES.

There is no feature of the "Lit." or Paper, at once so important and of so little interest to the average student as the department of exchanges.

Its importance is obvious in that it is our only opportunity of dealing in direct personalities toward other colleges and because it is supposed to indicate our critical estimate of the

college press. That it should lack interest may be easily understood if we but consider how few men ever see anything of the papers which are received. All that we know of their contents is gleaned from the exceedingly brief and sparse selections which appear in our own columns. The consequent ignorance of the real matter contained in exchanges gives rise to several inevitable and decidedly deprecable results; we are frequently both placed in a false light and compelled to remain so. The department is under the control of one man whom it is impossible to always select judiciously. If he often fails to meet the general views of the college—no censure can be attached to him for he has to rely almost wholly on his individual judgment and must necessarily be guilty at times of too hasty denunciation or ill-timed retort. This might be of little consequence were it merely an individual matter but we as a body are compelled to assume the position taken in such articles—in that the exchange editor acts as our representative. Our attitude toward colleges is thus too often hastily and erringly assumed when it cannot be done too guardedly or with too much consideration.

In criticising the literary matter of exchanges—one man alone might better and more satisfactorily accomplish the work; but we are still inclined to think that in this case also the general sentiment could be advantageously consulted.

Exchanges should be at the service of the college. Not only would these evils be avoided but a great need would be supplied. To every collegian the affairs of his peculiar world are of importance and each man takes an interest not only in his own but in other colleges, so that any little scrap of news concerning them is eagerly welcomed. But this we can not get in any great measure except through the college press, of which we know comparatively nothing. Great facts of unusual interest do come to our ears but the minutiae of inter-collegiate life is wholly lost. The occasional crumbs of news that find their way into our exchange column are wholly inad-

quate to satisfy a want which demands even more than could possibly be obtained though every source of information were thrown open. Again, in depending upon our exchange column for outside news we fail to learn how others criticise our actions. It is a case where ignorance may be bliss but it is certainly not justice to our own interests and those having our good fortune at heart to profess ignorance in cases that self respect alone would call for careful and decided judgment.

In not seeing our exchanges we both wilfully harm ourselves by permitting the college to be misrepresented and act the role of one depending upon a mere local paper for general information.

The exchanges of '76 could be seen by calling upon the editor in-charge, but many hesitated to take the opportunity, regarding it as an intrusion. We have but to urge that this year's papers and magazines be placed in some convenient place for general reference and not be confined to the editor's table. The present "LIT." Room might be advantageously used for this purpose and so assume a higher character than a rubbish hole. Better than this would be the Philadelphian Society's Room—which can easily afford the requisite space and would, while adding to its own attractions, be convenient for all.

A. B. T.

EDITORIAL.

With the present issue of the Lit. opens a new chapter in the history of Princeton journalism. There has been a growing sentiment for years in favor of the establishment of a College newspaper, as it was felt that the Nassau Lit. could not adequately supply the demand for news without sacrificing, to a certain extent, its literary character. Several attempts to start such an organ, owing partly to ill digested measures, and largely to adverse circumstances, proved abortive or at best attained but an ephemeral success. Warned by the failures of the past, the Princetonian, after a thorough canvass of the difficulties in the way, starts out on its career with the approval of the Faculty and the support of the students.

This division of the journalistic sphere called for some important modifications both in the form and aims of the Lit. Without deeming it advisable to enter into an elaborate discussion of these changes necessitated by the appearance of a new candidate for College patronage, we feel it incumbent upon us to give a brief statement of our prospects and aims for the ensuing year.

Of course we do not propose to surrender the practical field *in toto* to the paper. Our aim is rather to enlarge the "Voice;" to improve its quality, in short to render it more prominent than it has heretofore been. The division of labor will affect chiefly the "*Olla-pod.*" which is reduced to a fraction of its former volume. The impracticability of uniting in one organ the qualities of a good newspaper and a first-rate literary magazine has for years been an acknowledged fact. The change from a quarterly to a monthly was an effort to give the Lit. a

more popular character and render it more satisfactory as a medium of College news. In this it has measurably succeeded owing to the untiring efforts of our worthy predecessors. We receive the Lit. from their hands, laying no claim to superior or even equal abilities, but feeling that the present plan will afford greater facilities for attaining an end equally dear to them and us. It is manifest that with five issues instead of ten we will be enabled to secure to the magazine a higher literary character than we could have attained under the old regime. This is our main purpose in enlarging the literary department and excluding second prize essays, as such from our pages.

We present a few centennial features in our present number which we feel will meet the approval of our readers. The portrait of Witherspoon and the interesting account of his life will be appreciated by all the friends of Princeton to whom the patriotic record of her honored President is a source of pride.

It was with some degree of apprehension that we rejuvenated the ghost of the short lived alumni department; the birds of ill omen flaunted their sable wings in our editorial visage, but we are not superstitious, and so resolved to persevere, the augurs to the contrary notwithstanding. The result has revealed the important fact, that the presence of the ill omened bird may like the Delphic oracles be most satisfactorily interpreted in the light of the result. Our Alumni have nobly responded to our call and the overflowing pages of that department speak for themselves. Some coward suggestions of fear and doubt have been put to flight by the promptitude with which the Voice of the Students has been filled. We are able to publish a larger Voice than has appeared for years. This is encouraging, and it explodes the theory of some objectors that the Lit. and the Princetonian by conflicting would mutually injure one another.

We hope at the close of our editorial experience to be able to look back on a year of unwonted prosperity to the Lit. and

of satisfaction to our friends and readers. We shall spare no pains to render it worthy of the high position it has already won in the ranks of College journals. But the one thing needful to attain this end, is the support of our fellow students. On you we depend for the great bulk of our material. The magazine is your representative and we feel safe in reposing the trust of maintaining its honor in your hands.

We do not incur the imputation of editorial egotism in assuming and declaring that whatever distinction the LIT., as a college magazine, has acquired in previous years is the legitimate attainment of intrinsic merit. For since we have the honor of presiding, as uninitiated tyros, over the birth of a new era in its history, it would be presumptuous to arrogate to ourselves the glory of an achievement ascribable solely to the talent and prudent management of our predecessors. Though the LIT. however, is acknowledged to have no superior in the ranks in which it occupies so conspicuous a position, it is by no means free from defects; and it seems that a few strictures upon one of them would be both seasonable and pertinent at the advent of the incoming year. The poverty of our Literary department is a fact which, though it may have escaped the most vigilant scrutiny of the exchanges, has been observed and animadverted upon by a majority of the students. We would deprecate any such construction of our words as would distort them into a reflection upon foregoing editors. Far be it from us to indulge in any such aspersions. But to relieve ourselves from lingering suspicion we can but aver that, so far from being due to their remissness, it is attributable solely to the culpable negligence and apathy of the students. It has for some time been a tacitly adopted system among the contributors of the LIT. to submit for publication articles which were originally intended and actually did service as exercises

in the English department of the college. There have been some laudable exceptions to this rule, and our only regret is that there were not enough to revolutionize and eradicate the custom. No moral or social wrong is involved in it: no dogma, creed, or law, formulated or unformulated, stamps it with the flagrancy even of a venial fault that an essay which has undergone the inspection of a professor should adorn the pages of a magazine as a special production. But looking at it in a serious light, with regard to its bearing on the LIT., we are constrained to condemn the practice unreservedly. Its deleterious influence, though negative rather than positive, is manifest. It would be unreasonable to expect that as long as it is persisted in the articles in each issue will reach a standard that lies open only to a far superior class of compositions. Not that this paucity of special contributions, (specially designed and specially executed), assumes the magnitude or the gravity of a glaring defect; or is so decided a drawback as to destroy the well-grounded pretensions of the LIT. to being a first-class magazine; but it conflicts materially with the development of a still higher type of college literature. Its effect then is two-fold mischievous in both phases. First; it has served to confine the LIT. to a lower and more restricted plane of excellence than might reasonably be demanded. Secondly; it is an important agency in entailing upon the students themselves the ignominy of possessing a narrow and partial culture. It cannot be claimed for the LIT. that it is co-equal with our established course of English in providing opportunities and accessories for the cultivation of a style at once classical and elevated and replete with the charms of a polished and elaborate mental thesaurus. Still it may justly be said that the LIT., with skillful manipulation, may become a supplementary factor in so generous a product. There is surely no reason why we should not bestir ourselves and call to mind how much is required of us in raising the standard of the LIT. But as, *in rerum natura*, an appeal to selfish motives is often a more

potent argument with human nature, it might be well to suggest the personal advantages that would accrue to the students from a new departure in this respect. Let us abolish a false and foolish practice, which detracts as well from our own attainments as from the possible successes of the LIT. When the necessity of writing special productions shall have been fully appreciated then we may safely predict that more brilliant prospects will dawn for the periodical which imbibes much of its vitality from this source.

We understand that the Board of Trustees has under consideration the practicability of abolishing Senior Final Examinations, and in order that the necessity of such a change may be fully presented to them, a committee has been appointed from the Junior Class to confer with the Trustees and secure if possible their favorable consideration of the project.

There is urgent need of a radical change in this direction, and it is to be earnestly hoped that, *at least*, the present regime may be so modified as to render the duties of Senior year less onerous.

The complaint is frequently and justly urged that our curriculum in Senior year is crowded. A perfect mass of studies is forced upon us, the majority of which are of such a nature that to become even moderately proficient in them requires not only sedulous study of the regular lectures and text-books, but also systematic collateral reading. Hence the student, however diligent, is unable to acquire a thorough knowledge of any particular department, except by neglecting others of equal importance, and the endeavor to do justice to them all could only result in a superficial knowledge of any of them. As the most simple and effective means of obviating this difficulty, we would suggest the rescission of such parts of our curriculum as are least beneficial, and we think it can be easily

shown that Senior Finals would best fulfil this condition. In the first place they embrace only the studies of Freshman and Sophomore years, which are of far less importance than the more practical departments of Senior year and which, moreover, have already been thoroughly disposed of in Sophomore Biennials. Furthermore, the time which is now engrossed with cramming for Senior Finals could be far more profitably devoted to other matters, for instance, reading in connection with the regular departments of study; essay writing; keeping pace with the standard, current literature of the day; or the thousand and one other means of improvement which college life affords and which conduce no less to general culture than the regular studies of the course. We claim that knowledge gained thereby would be of infinitely more practical value to Seniors than the modicum of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics which a few weeks spasmodic effort could afford. Again, to students pursuing systems of study preparatory to entering upon the regular study of a profession or with a view of contending for any of the various fellowships, Senior Finals are more of a detriment than an advantage. For occurring, as they do, quite late in the year and requiring thorough mental concentration for several weeks, they necessarily interrupt such courses of study and turn the student's attention from his regular work to subjects of infinitely less importance, and moreover deprive him of more of his time than he can afford to devote to anything but studying for the object he may have in view. Again supposing the time at the end of 2d session which is now occupied with Senior Finals were devoted to examinations in the regular department of Senior year. It would undoubtedly make the instruction in those departments more thorough and would also greatly lessen the amount of work at the end of the year. Under the present system annuals embrace all the ground gone over during 2d and 3d session, and occurring in June when, owing to the excessive heat there is a natural disinclination to study, the result is less satisfactory than it would be if

the examinations were more evenly distributed throughout the year. Now while the subject of raising our standard is engrossing the attention of the officers and friends of our college, and our college journals continually echo the necessity of breaking through the spirit of conservatism, which seems to possess us, before any further additions are made to our course of study there is urgent need that the dead and unfruitful branches should be lopped off. By the abolition of Senior Final examinations the Board of Trustees would disencumber our curriculum of a superfluous appendage and would secure the lasting gratitude of future seniors by delivering them from a useless and oppressive burden.

Now that the elevation of the standard of College education is the engrossing topic in the College world, we are credibly informed that several important changes are in contemplation for the ensuing year. These changes are called for by the rapid increase in the number of students, and the demand for a more thorough and extensive culture. Endowments, some prospective and some secured will afford the financial facilities for carrying out any such project as the authorities may have in view. An additional Chair in mathematics has been secured on an endowment of \$25,000, the incumbent of which is to assist both Professors Duffield and MacMillan in their respective departments. It is hoped to be able next year, to secure an adjunct to each of these Chairs. The President has also informed us of his purpose to secure an assistant professor in Continental languages. The extension of the Scientific Course over a period of four years is a great stride in the path of progress. The growing importance of scientific studies is a fact to which all institutions, if they would keep abreast of the age, are bound to attend. Vital questions which in times past were relegated to the domain of speculative philosophy,

have now become the living issues of Science. Any advance, therefore, in this direction is the result of a wise prevision. As a fruit of this policy and a consummation devoutly to be wished, it is proposed to give special instruction in connection with scientific studies. The aim is to induce more practical and exhaustive work, particularly in the special courses. Students should be required to devote more time to laboratory work, and the visits now made at long intervals to our scientific and general museums for mere recreation should become daily for purposes of improvement. We understand that the addition of an adjunct professor in Greek is also under consideration. Just here we would like to hazard a suggestion, namely, the propriety of establishing a professorship in Anglo Saxon. Students feel very seriously the want of a basis for their Rhetorical and English Literature courses, and this would furnish the philosophic substratum needed. It is the purpose of the instructors, we are assured, to make the course in mental science more and more rigorous and exhaustive, involving more critical research and collateral reading on the part of the student. Princeton has already won an enviable position in philosophy which we hope her Fellows will not only maintain but enhance. The friends of the College will hail these vigorous displays of her customary enterprise as favorable augurs for the future. We are no pessimists, but prefer, on the whole, to look on the bright side of human affairs, and while recognizing the imperfections incident to all terrestrial enterprises, we dare to claim for Princeton an honorable rank in the onward march of College education. A million and a half of money has wrought wondrous changes in the last seven years and the student who stands on our campus a decade hence may behold a spectacle which our editorial imagination now feels too weak to picture.

In this connection we would like to suggest the propriety of raising the standard of the Fellowships and making them tenable for a longer period. It seems to us that the Modern

Language Fellowship ought to be placed on an equal footing with the Classical. The Historical Fellowship might possibly be merged in a special course in Political Science. The demagogue will never be driven from American politics save by a more thorough training of our statesmen in the principles of governmental science. European nations make careful provision for the education of their public men, and as Princeton has borne a leading part in the past political history of our country, it is fitting that she should take the initiative step in the noble work of educating a higher type of statesmanship.

When Princeton was visited by the recent revival, it was not altogether unexpected that among those who did not succumb to its influences, there would be some whose language and actions would imply a profound and prejudiced distrust as to its good results. The issue has verified these gloomy forebodings. There is not wanting in our social circles here, restricted as they are, a certain class of men who look with averted eye on all reforms. The more radical the changes effected by them, and the more subversive they are of existing abuses, the more dubiously do these wise-acres shake their heads and utter their grave doubts. Perhaps if there were any reflection calculated to inspire us with callous indifference to such insinuations, it would be, that ever since Noah was ridiculed for building the ark, no new system has been inaugurated without exciting opposition. Newly propounded religious theories have, above all others, been apparently doomed to pass a sickly infancy amid retarding circumstances. Now Princeton is a microcosm, and close scrutiny reveals here the workings of the same phenomenon. True, religion, in its present state, is the growth of centuries, and a religious revival is no new thing. But coming upon us as it did, in the midst of a state of morals not too bad to deteriorate, nor too pure for

clarification, its aspect was indubitably that of an innovation. The spirit of antipathy which it provoked assumes, in some cases, attributes of professed hostility sustained by loud-voiced declamation, while, more largely as a means less violent, though scarcely less effective it arrays itself in the garb of secret suspicion and whispered innuendo. It is this foolish and uncalled for habit of prognosticating an unhappy future for so auspicious a beginning that we wish to criticise. It is an evil—confessedly so—and an unmitigated evil at that. It does not lessen the anxiety and annoyance to which it gives rise, that the grievance takes no more tangible form than groundless conjectures, hazarded in a sort of tentative way. Nor does it diminish the injurious capacity of these would-be oracular prophecies, that they are baseless and precarious. Any attempt to vindicate their innocuousness on such grounds is the veriest absurdity. It can produce only one result; a repression or total extinction of interested feeling on the part of the hesitant, who would perhaps yield if exempted from such dampening and impeding influences; and the development in the outside world of a strong anti-college-revival sentiment. Indeed this derogatory spirit has already, with well assured confidence, given its *ipse dixit* in the papers of the day. It is certainly a consummation devoutly to be desired that this censoriousness, which displays its malignity in unjust cavils, and which may best be characterized as a contagious malady, should be speedily and thoroughly suppressed. It may result in far more detriment to the cause of religion than its impetuous adherents can imagine. We would impress upon all who have unconsciously or otherwise contracted a habit so reprehensible the necessity of at once abandoning it and lending the power of the example to avert the continuance, or subsequent eruption of the virulent disease. We cannot estimate the obstacles which it may throw in the way, alike of new converts, and of those who, but for adverse surroundings, might be classed in the same category.

WE REFER our readers to an article in the "Olla Pod." on the necessity of reform in the mode of conducting our base ball interests. The long series of defeats we have sustained this season ought to teach us a much needed lesson. The fault lies in the want of practice resulting from bad management, and we would reiterate the suggestions thrown out in the article above referred to.

In this connection we would like to say a word in regard to the courtesy due to nines which come here to play. Little complaint has heretofore been made on this score, yet there are several reprehensible practices prevalent among us which we would do well to reform. Our nine are loud in praise of the courtesy shown them in their tour. Let us see to it that our visitors do not vanquish us in good breeding even though they should worst us in the field.

To effect this, vigorous measures ought to be taken to keep loafers off the ball grounds, their presence is in all respects undesirable. We would also suggest the propriety of repressing the too violent expression of our satisfaction when our own men are successful. Such a practice becomes offensive to all parties and is worthy of being classed with the chronic freshness of those embryonic Sophomores who persist in doing the agreeable to prospective Freshmen as they walk across the campus.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

ATHLETICS.—There is every reason for Princeton to congratulate herself on her prospects for success in Athletics. A renewed, or rather a new interest is awakened. The contestants are practicing regularly, and there is every prospect of a good record being made in the forthcoming games—track and weather permitting. The programme of events is to be enlarged, and the entrees are numerous. It is hoped that the college will patronize the games well, as a large attendance is necessary in order to furnish the requisite amount to send representatives to Saratoga.

In the recent games of the New York Athletic Club, at Mott Haven, on the 31st ult., A. J. McCosh, '77, was the successful competitor for the hundred yards dash. Time, 10 $\frac{1}{4}$. The prize is a gold medal of the value of fifty dollars.

ATHLETIC GROUNDS.—Ten acres of land have been purchased back of Mr. Harris' house, which will be fitted up for the use of the Athletic Associations—ball fields, running track and grand stand, will give the accommodations so long needed, by competitors and spectators.

BASE BALL.—Our record reaches from May 27th, on which day the Freshman nine defeated the Rutgers Freshmen in a ten inning game, by a score of 19 to 18. On the Rutgers side Gerard, Cramer, '78, and Porter, '77, led at the bat. On the Princetons, Furman, Chambers and Dodge. A feature of the game was a red hot liner taken from the bat by Cate, on third.

RESOLUTES VS. PRINCETON.—On the same day the University was defeated by the Resolutes, of Elizabeth. The Resolutes, strong in their pitcher and first base, and heavy batters, gained a lead in the first few innings which Princeton found it impossible to overtake, and was defeated by a score of 11—6.

GERMANTOWNS VS. PRINCETONS.—On May 31st, the nine found no difficulty in defeating the Germantowns. Their fielding was loose and their batting weak, while we found no difficulty in batting their pitcher all over the field. Score 21 to 8.

LOUISVILLES VS. PRINCETONS.—The Louisville Club, of Louisville, Ky., visited Princeton on May 29th, and played a game with the University on the Princeton grounds. The playing was fine throughout, our fielding being particularly good, and their batting very heavy. A fine double play made by Laughlin

in the first inning, and a beautiful catch made by Duffield in left field, were well applauded. The pitching of Bectel was very effective, few base hits being made off him.

EASTERN TOUR.—Our tour has resulted disastrously. The story is briefly told. We found thirty-six men in New England who could play ball better than we could. The nine arrived in New Haven early on the morning of June 6th, and spent the time intervening between their arrival and the match, in viewing the different points of interest.

The game, which took place at Hamilton Park, was called at 3:15 P. M., with Princeton at the bat. She was quickly blanked, and Yale, through a base hit by Bigelow, aided by errors on our side, scored a run.

In the next six innings, Princeton failed to make either a run or safe hit, while the home club scored a run in the second inning, another in the third, and five in the fourth, batting our pitcher all over the field, after which they failed to add to their score until the 8th inning. In the 6th inning Karge and Duffield reached their bases, and Mills and Laughlin having been put out, it looked as though our 3-0 score with Yale last year, in which she was defeated, was to be repeated with variations. But Walker came to the bat, and by a beautiful two base hit brought in both men, and was himself brought in by Furman, Woods retiring on a foul bound. This was the only inning in which Princeton scored, while Yale, by adding three runs to her score in the 8th and two in the 9th inning, defeated us by a score of 13-2.

On the Princeton side, Laughlin, as usual, played well, and a foul bound by Duffield in left field, and another by Mills on third, were well applauded. A two base hit by Walker, and a three-base hit by Furman, saved us from being blanked.

The Yale nine played a strong game. Carter's pitching was very effective—Princeton making only five base hits. We record a beautiful pick up by Wheaton, a fine fly taken in centre field by Davis, and Morgan's play behind the bat. In batting, Yale made sixteen base hits. Our nine were without their pitcher, with their third baseman hardly able to hold up his head, and the whole nine tired out by their night journey. They were treated very well on the grounds, and negatively well during their stay in New Haven—such as had friends enjoying their visit very much. Appended is the score:

| YALE. | | | | | | PRINCETON. | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|----|-----|----|----------|------------------|----|----|-----|----|----------|
| | O. | R. | IB. | P. | O. A. E. | | O. | R. | IB. | P. | O. A. E. |
| Morgan, h., | 3 | 2 | 3 | 8 | 3 1 | Laughlin, s. s., | 4 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 6 2 |
| Bigelow, c., | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 1 | Walker, m., | 2 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 0 |
| Wheaton, s. s., | 4 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 0 | Furman, b., | 2 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 3 2 |
| Dawes, m., | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 0 | Woods, c., | 6 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 3 |
| Carter, p., | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 0 | Mann, a., | 2 | 0 | 0 | 11 | 0 1 |
| Anthony, b., | 3 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 3 | Denny, h., | 4 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 5 |
| Downer, a., | 3 | 2 | 2 | 11 | 0 1 | Karge, p., | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 3 |
| Williams, r., | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 1 | Duffield, l., | 3 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 2 |
| Maxon, l., | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 0 | Mills, r., | 3 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 0 |
| Total, | 27 | 13 | 14 | 27 | 11 7 | Total, | 27 | 4 | 5 | 27 | 14 18 |

| | | | | | | | | | |
|------------|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-------|
| Princetons | —0 | 6 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—3. |
| Yale | —1 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 2—13. |

Runs earned, Yale, 1. Bases on errors, Yale, 6; Princeton, 5. Double plays, Maxon and Morgan 1; Morgan and Downer, 1; Laughlin, Furman and Mann, 1. Struck out, Princeton, 5. Total bases on hits, Princeton, 6; Yale, 18. Time of game, 1 hour 45 minutes. Umpire, H. L. Spence, New Haven nine.

AMHERST VS. PRINCETON. — The nine left New Haven at eight o'clock, and reached Amherst at ten o'clock the next morning, June 7th. After taking a short rest, they were shown through the college grounds and buildings, particularly admiring the museum and cabinet collections, for which Amherst is so famous.

The game was called at 12:30, with Princeton at the bat. In the 1st inning, by heavy batting, Princeton gained two runs, and in the second, added three to to their score. Amherst was blanked in the 1st inning, but in the second, by heavy batting, aided by errors on our part, scored nine runs. From this time on the base hits were fewer, Woods pitching and Mills catching. In the 9th inning Furman made a beautiful one handed stop at second base. Mills distinguished himself by catching three foul tips. The score at the end of the 9th inning stood 18-12 in Amherst's favor. Cause, "Heavy Batting." Appended is the score :

| PRINCETON. | | | | | | AMHERST. | | | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----|----|------|----|----|------------------|-----|----|------|----|----|
| | IB. | R. | P.O. | A. | E. | | IB. | R. | P.O. | A. | E. |
| Laughlin, s. s., | 3 | 2 | 0 | 3 | 1 | Stanchfield, p., | 2 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 0 |
| Walker, m., | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | Plimpton, a.; | 2 | 1 | 13 | 0 | 1 |
| Furman, b., | 2 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 | Couch, h., | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| Woods, c., | 1 | 1 | 2 | 5 | 1 | Siarke, b., | 3 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Mann, a., | 2 | 0 | 11 | 0 | 2 | Leete, c., | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 4 |
| Denny, h., | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 5 | Newman, s., | 2 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 4 |
| Karge, p., | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | Pratt, l. f., | 3 | 2 | 2 | 9 | 0 |
| Duffield, l., | 1 | 2 | 6 | 0 | 0 | Record, m., | 1 | 2 |] | 0 | 0 |
| Mills, r., | 1 | 1 | 4 | 3 | 2 | Courtney, r. f., | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Total, | 13 | 12 | 27 | 12 | 12 | Total, | 20 | 18 | 27 | 15 | 12 |
| Umpire—Frank McAllister, '77. | | | | | | | | | | | |

HARVARD VS. PRINCETON. — From Amherst the nine proceeded to Cambridge and reached there late at night. Before they arose in the morning, Thayer the gentlemanly captain of the Harvards was awaiting them in the parlors below—and they were then taken in carriages and shown all the beauties of Cambridge and vicinity. From the moment of our arrival until we left Cambridge no act of courtesy or gentlemanly attention which could add to our pleasure or comfort was omitted. On the ball field our nine was applauded more than their own, every tally being cheered even though we were ahead. Such treatment was not entirely unexpected after our last year's trip, but the Harvard men fairly outdid their generous endeavors on that occasion. The nine are enthusiastic on this subject and wish us to return their thanks to Harvard in this place.

The game commenced at 3 o'clock in Jarvis fields before a large and select audience. Woods pitched, Mills playing behind the bat and Denny third. The field-

ing of our nine was very fine. Mills played his position without an error, and Duffield made one of the most beautiful catches we have ever seen. In the first inning, Harvard by good hits scored three runs, and from this to the ninth inning they were blanked, while Princeton made three runs in the second inning, and one in the fourth. At the 9th inning the Harvards got the hang of our pitching, and batted Woods all over the field, scoring six runs, and defeating us by the score of 8-4. Mr. Bird, as umpire, gave perfect satisfaction.

We here, as at Yale and Amherst, showed our need of a pitcher, and how great to us was the loss of Mann. Our fielding was as good here as it was poor at Yale, and our batting excellent, so it was evident to all that we were beaten on our pitcher. Appended is the score :

| HARVARD. | | | | | | PRINCETON. | | | | | |
|----------------|-----|----|------|----|----|------------------|-----|----|------|------|----|
| | IB. | R. | P.O. | A. | E. | | IB. | R. | P.O. | A. | E. |
| Leeds, s. s., | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | Laughlin, s. s., | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Wright, a., | 2 | 2 | 13 | 0 | 2 | Walker, m., | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Tyng, c. f., | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 | Furman, b., | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| Thayer, c., | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 | Woods, p., | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Ernst, p., | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 | Mann, a., | 0 | 0 | 14 | 0 | 0 |
| Dow, r. f., | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | Denny, c., | 1 | 2 | 6 | 0 | 2 |
| Latham, l. f., | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 1 | Karge, r. f., | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Thatcher, h., | 1 | 0 | 5 | 4 | 1 | Duffield, l. f., | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Sawyer, b., | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 2 | Mills, h., | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Total, | 11 | 8 | 27 | 10 | 12 | Total, | 5 | 4 | 27 | 16 | 6 |
| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 8 | | |
| Harvard | —2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6—8. | |
| Princeton | —0 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—4. | |

Passed balls, Thatcher, 1. Wild pitches, Ernst, 2.

On the next day we played the Bostons. The game was not particularly interesting, our opponents having no difficulty in batting our pitcher, until Mann was put on, when they struck out one after the other, much in the way the Centennials and Atlantics did. Kaufman batted heavily, making a two base hit and two single ones. Appended is the score by innings :

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-------|
| Innings— | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| Bostons | —0 | 4 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 0—14. |
| Princetons— | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0—5. |

We then with regret, left the pleasant shades of Cambridge, and her genial and gentlemanly students, and on Saturday, the 10th, played a game with the Chelseas whom we defeated by a score of 9-7. Thus ended a tour disastrous to our nine as individuals.

A lesson may often be learned from defeat and the most fruitful victories are often those which seem at first barren of results. If any thing was apparent in the nine throughout it was the lack of discipline pervading it. Our system of managing base ball nines was a surprise to our opponents. In the Eastern colleges the ball interests are managed like the boating interests by one man, i. e. the captain. In his hands are given the selection and training of the men, their management

on the field and off and all blame for their shortcomings is taken and borne willingly by him. We remember when Yale visited us last year hearing Captain Avery say, "Now boys do your best, keep cool and I'll take all the responsibility." We have tried the system of directorship long enough. Our directors have been good men, faithful and energetic for the most part, but it stands to reason, that a man thoroughly understanding base ball and giving a large share of his attention to it can the better select men fitted for places on his nine. We have tried directors in boating and found what dissatisfaction ensued. There has been little but dissatisfaction with the management of the nine lately. As it is now it has three captains all exercising more or less authority, and over these five directors. Is it not time that the experiment were at least tried and the captain given complete control of the ball nine as he has been of the University crew? Then may we hope to see Princeton stand at the head of the championship list and the much abused and long suffering directors, 2nd captain and 3d captain will be things of the past. This is a fit subject for discussion and we hope that the subject will be seriously considered by the college, and at least let there be a little agitation among the dead bones of past victories.

The first game played by the nine after their return from their tour was with the Oranges of Orange, N. J., with Beach '74 as their captain.

The game was called at 12:30 P. M., June 15th, with the Oranges at the bat. They proved themselves good hitters and fine fielders, but Princeton after the third inning "got the hang" of their batting and defeated them by a score of 14-7. On our side Furman and Woods and Denny distinguished themselves at the bat, and Laughlin at short and Mann at 1st made some astonishing plays.

Beach on the Orange side was evidently the same old Harry he was while in college, pitching well, batting strongly and running bases finely. Their catcher played his position well and their second baseman made a fine one handed stop.

Appended is the score.

| | I | B. | R. | P. | O. | A. | E. | | I | B. | R. | P. | O. | A. | E. |
|---------------|---|----|----|----|----|----|----|---------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Bench, p., | 0 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 2 | | | Laughlin, s., | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 1 | | |
| Schenck, r., | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | | | Walker, m., | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | | |
| McGall, a., | 1 | 1 | 8 | 1 | 0 | | | Furman, b., | 3 | 3 | 4 | 0 | 1 | | |
| Chandler, h., | 0 | 1 | 7 | 2 | 6 | | | Woods, p., | 2 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 1 | | |
| Manny, c., | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 1 | | | Mann, a., | 1 | 2 | 9 | 0 | 1 | | |
| Smith, b., | 0 | 0 | 2 | 5 | 1 | | | Denny, c., | 2 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 5 | | |
| Platt, l., | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | | | Kaufman, r., | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | | |
| Smullen, | 1 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 5 | | | Duffield, l., | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 | | |
| O'Neill, m., | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | | | Mills, h., | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 8 | | |
| | 6 | 7 | 27 | 12 | 15 | | | | 12 | 14 | 27 | 9 | 18 | | |

BOATING.—The University crew at Saratoga will consist of the following men:

| NAME. | AGE. | WEIGHT. |
|---------------------------|------|---------|
| 1. C. G. Greene, Ia., | 20 | 136 |
| 2. J. A. Campbell, D. C., | 20 | 150 |
| 3. D. Stewart, Md., | 20 | 154 |

| | | |
|-------------------------------|----|-----|
| 4. H. Stevenson, N. Y., | 20 | 160 |
| 5. W. B. Van Lennep, N. Y., | 23 | 166 |
| 6. Benj. Nicoll, N. Y., | 20 | 150 |
| 1st Sub. J. M. Taylor, Penn., | 21 | 156 |
| 2d " J. M. Roseberry, Md., | 22 | 150 |

Average weight 153. Average age 20½.

The men are practising regularly and improving much on their stroke and finish. Very little dieting is being done, the crew being allowed great liberty in this respect. They have received two new shells, one a cedar from Fearon and the other a paper one from Waters.

The dimensions of the paper boat are as follows:

Length 49 feet 6 inches. Beam 21 inches. Depth of hull 8½ inches. Height of seats 8 inches. Between Seats 48 inches. Wash Board 1 inch.

The Hull weighs 121 pounds and the outriggers 18 pounds making the boat complete to weigh 139 pounds.

Its price was \$400.

ARCHITECTURE AT THE CENTENNIAL.—We notice among the selected specimens of the best American architecture located in the annex of the Art Gallery, plans of Princeton College Library, Scientific School, New Dormitory and University Hotel.

CIVIL RIGHTS.—A collegian evidently "a little corned" was passing down the street. In front of him looming up through the darkness he saw a shadowy form and rushing forward he embraced it frantically saying in an affectionate manner, "Well old (hic) boy how d'ze do." It happened to be a lamp post newly painted and as he surveyed his blackened hands he exclaimed indignantly "Why the (hic) deuce didn't you tell me you were a (hic) nigger."

"SNOBS IN THE CAMPUS."—The college authorities should take some active measures to remove this unmitigated nuisance. The front fence of the campus is lined from morning till evening with these unwashed aborigines of Princeton—and, not satisfied with this, they gather in groups inside the fence. We have had enough trouble with them on the ball field and don't care to have their presence on the college grounds.

"Locherbie, awake from thy slumbers."

MENTAL SCIENCE.—(Scene Junior's room. Three Juniors studying Psychology)

1st Junior.—"Doc." how would you meet the materialist.

2nd Junior (blandly).—With a smile.

BOOKS.—Princeton's libraries, College, Hall and Theological, now contain about 80,000 volumes.

ORNITHOLOGICAL MUSEUM.—Under the able management of Curator Scott this department is being rapidly filled. Mr. Scott on his arrival here found "airy nothing" and since that time has been assiduously giving to the numerous speci-

mens he has collected "a local habitation and a name." Most of the birds have been shot and mounted by himself and for specimens of the taxidermist's art cannot be excelled. Besides a large number of birds shot in New Jersey he collected more than seven hundred specimens in his trip to Florida last Winter. As yet there are few birds from other sections of our country, with the exception of the Smithsonian Deposit, and few if any from other countries. May we not hope that the Princeton College expedition of '76 may be only the forerunner of others to more remote regions and that under the able management of Curator Scott our museum will be one which not only will do infinite credit to himself but will reflect honor and fame on the college he represents.

COLLEGE LIBRARY.—The library now contains about 32,000 volumes. We are glad to see that the Scientific alcoves are at last receiving the attention they deserve. Since the accession of Prof. Murray over 150 volumes have been added to the English Literature Department. What is especially needed is the throwing open of the library all day, or at least three or four hours a day for the taking out of books. This we are assured is impracticable without assistants. It is plain the work of distribution and collection of books together with the labelling, cataloguing and registering them is too much for one man. It is to be hoped for the convenience of the students as well as of the librarian that the Trustees will grant Mr. Vinton that assistance which he so much needs.

PRINCETON'S CENTENNIAL EXHIBIT.—For the information of students and alumni visiting the International Exhibition we would state that the exhibit of the college is located in the southern gallery of the Main Building under the Department allotted to the Educational Exhibit of New Jersey.

It consists of a very handsome black walnut case containing 10 shelves and decorated on the top by a large combination view taken by Rose. The case and view look very well indeed, we wish we could say as much for the contents of the case. Only 10 shelves of alumni books—this is all. We had expected to find a comprehensive but full representation of the different departments of the College, Literary, Scientific and Special, one that would do justice to the past history of Princeton, and show its present advancement, and thus give adequate means of judging the relation in which it stands to other colleges. But we are astonished at the meagerness of the exhibit. To be sure there is a small collection of alumni books, old musty volumes of sermons by Mr. Nobody and addresses by somebody or other, and the works of a few distinguished men, such as Madison, Witherspoon, Livingstone, Davies, Finley, Hodge, Atwater, &c., but many of these are graduates of other colleges and their works would find a better place under their show cases. If it was impracticable for us to do well in this line, at least some statistics of the college might have been prepared. Not even a catalogue of the institution gives us any information as to the number of students, professors or alumni; not the slightest exhibit is made by our departments either literary or scientific. The exhibits made by the neighboring colleges cannot but furnish food for painful reflection. Adjoining us is Yale with a handsome alcove containing 1100 volumes, tastefully bound, together with maps and plans of the

college grounds and buildings and views of the different edifices. Following Yale is Dartmouth, which, taking up little more room than Princeton, gives a complete view of the status of the college. Views of Hanover and vicinity, all the college buildings, exterior and interior views, a complete set of text books used in the institution, together with models of engineering work by the students, make up altogether an exhibit of which the college may well be proud.

It is not too late to retrieve our error. This is a question which the committee, whoever they are, would do well to consider, and if not, let us at least gentlemen, make as presentable an appearance as does Illinois Industrial School or Oberlin Academy.

DEEP.—A student, a would-be Carlyle or Emerson, recently criticised an author as "resonant with vacuity."

Prof. "What is the lowest order of vertebra?"

Junior (of mining notoriety). "Mamma's."

PRINCETON IN JOHN HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.—Princeton will be well represented in the Faculty and Fellows of this institution. Prof. Basil Gildersleeve, '49, has been appointed Prof. of Greek with John M. Cross, '68 as adjunct of the same branch. George B. Halsted, Math. Fellow of '75, has been appointed Fellow in Mathematics. Mr. Bryan, '73, and Mr. Van Vorst, '75, both Fellows in Mental Science in the years in which they graduated, have applied for positions; the one as Prof. of Mental Science, the other as Fellow in the same branch. Mr. Van Vorst has received the appointment.

Prof. "Where are alcohol and sugar most frequently found?"

Witty Scientific. "In a bar-room."

ANALYSIS.—A Sophomore divided Government, in an essay he was writing for Prof. Hunt, into three heads: 1. Republican. 2. Divine. 3. Democratic.

We clip the following from the *Cincinnati Gazette*:

PRINCETON—CINCINNATI EXAMINATIONS.—The advertisement of the first annual local examinations of young men who are preparing to enter the next Freshman class in Princeton College in the Fall, or of any who wish to enter, appears in our columns. The reputation of Princeton College is well known. It enrolls in its Faculty some of the most distinguished instructors in the whole country. President McCosh, Professors Joseph Henry, Atwater, Alexander, Guyot, and Packard have already won a national reputation in their respective departments of study. The endowment of Princeton is over \$2,000,000. Its libraries include over 80,000 volumes. Its buildings are among the specimens of the best architecture in the country. Under the presidency of Dr. McCosh, during the last seven years, thirteen hundred thousand dollars have been donated by the munificence chiefly of the Eastern Alumni and friends. Its present catalogue enrolls five hundred students in the Academic Department.

The local examinations of young men for entrance into this institution take place June 16, 1876, simultaneously with identical ones at St. Louis, Savannah,

Chicago, and Princeton itself. The examination papers will be the same at all these points. The place for these examinations in Cincinnati is the Law School rooms in the Cincinnati College Building, the examinations commencing at 9½ o'clock, a. m.

The conduct of the examinations is entrusted to Mr. Andrew F. West, of this city, a Fellow of the college in Classical Literature, and at present connected with the Hughes High School. Rev. E. D. Ledyard, of Mount Auburn, formerly tutor in Mathematics at Princeton, will assist at the examination.

Further particulars can be learned by reference to the advertisement, and by application to Mr. Wallace Neff, Secretary of the Cincinnati Alumni Association, No. 95 Pearl street.

Prof. Guyot. How would you ascertain the temperature of an artesian well?
P—, (coolly). Go down with a thermometer.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."—It is rumored that had it not been for the short-sightedness of somebody the magnificent collection of books belonging to Alex. Van Humboldt might have graced our shelves. The value of the books may be seen by consulting the list of buyers, the Lenox, Boston and Chicago libraries being the principal purchasers.

PALEY IMPROVED.—A Junior commenced his paper in Paley with the startling announcement, that if in crossing a heath I should strike my foot against a human eye I would be struck with astonishment at the wonderful adaptation of its machinery.

HALL OF THE AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY,

May 18th, 1876.

WHEREAS, We have learned with deep regret of the death of our distinguished graduate, RT. REV. BISHOP JOHN JOHNS of Va., therefore

Resolved, That in his death, we recognize the loss to the church of a strong support, to ourselves of a worthy and esteemed graduate, and to his family of a kind member,

Resolved, That his family have our sympathy and condolence in their bereavement,

Resolved, That the Hall be appropriately draped in mourning for thirty days,

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the *NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE*, the *Hartford Churchman* and the *Southern Churchman* and that a copy be sent to his family.

J. E. RICHARDSON, Tenn.,

BAKER JOHNSON, Md.,

G. A. PAUL, Pa.,

Committee.

HALL OF THE CLIOSOPHIC SOCIETY,

April 28, 1876.

WHEREAS, By the ruling of Him whose ways are inscrutable, we have been bereaved of our distinguished fellow member JUDGE DAVID K. ESTE, of the class of 1801, at the time of his death the oldest living graduate of Princeton College, therefore be it

Resolved, That in his death the Cliosopic Society has lost one, of her oldest and most worthy members.

Resolved, That the community in which he lived has been deprived of one of its most upright citizens, and the bar of Cincinnati of one of its ablest and most honored representatives.

Resolved, That our sincerest sympathy be extended to his bereaved family.

Resolved, That in testimonial of our esteem these resolutions be inserted upon our minutes and they be transmitted for publication to the *Cincinnati Commercial*, *Cincinnati Gazette* and the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CHAS. HALSTED, N. Y.,

J. POTTER, Ohio,

W. M. SMITH, N. Y.

Committee.

MCLEAN PRIZE.—A Senior who graduated in the 2nd term, and who is engaged to a young lady whose last name is the same as that of our venerable ex-President, was joking a '77 J. O., on his chances for a medal when he was silenced by the remark. "I wish I had as good a chance for the McLean prize as you have."

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.—A Junior offered to bet another member of the crew that the South pole was much hotter than the equator. "The further you recede from the North pole" he sagely remarked, "the hotter it gets."

PROF. GUYOT.—Mr. H. of what minerals is lime stone composed?

Mr. H. (composedly) Lime and stone.

Seventy-five Freshmen were admitted at the first examination for entrance.

The University crew met with an accident on the 17th inst. Their new paper boat was blown by the wind against the canal bank and seriously injured.

It is understood that the Trustees at their next meeting will appoint an adjunct Professor in Mathematics to assist in both Academic and Scientific departments. It is said they are also to appoint a tutor in Modern Languages to assist Professor Kargé. There are rumors to the effect that at an early date there will be appointed an additional professor or professors of Classics.

The course in the school of Science is to be extended to four years, called respectively Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior. A student if prepared may enter Sophomore and thus finish his course in three years.

It is arranged that among the elective courses of the Senior year, there will be one of museum work in the department of Natural History and Geology.

In consequence of the increase in the number of students an additional tutor will be appointed, making five in all, besides the Tutor in Modern Languages. All this will greatly increase the efficiency of the teaching in College. Mr. Condit takes the department of Mathematics instead of Latin. Mr. Winans has been appointed tutor in Greek. Mr. Henry VanDike, besides continuing as registrar, will assist in Math. and Mr. Scott will assist in Latin and Greek. An appointment in Latin is yet to be made.

NOTICE.—Hereafter all essays sent in for the Lit. Prize will become the property of the Magazine.

BOOK NOTICES.

Revolutionary Times. By Edward Abbott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1p. 208.

The day for ledger-like books printed in great primer has past, and the present demand is for books in miniature. This volume a cousin to the "Little Classics" is neat in typographical appearance and pleasantly written. It may be carried in the pocket and read at odd times, in car or cab or during a rest spell in the exhibition. It will delight the Centennial enthusiast and correct his notions of "our country, its people, and their ways, one hundred years ago." The light of the latest knowledge gleams from its pages and the author will doubtless realize his hope that these "scattered memoranda" may direct many into "pleasant ways beyond." Among the excerpts in this book, there is one from a late article in the *N. Y. Evening Post*, portions of which are cited below as especially interesting to college men:—

There were in the Continental Congress during its existence 350 members; of these 118, or about one-third of the whole, were graduates from colleges. Of these, twenty-eight were graduates from the College of New Jersey in Princeton, twenty-three from Harvard, twenty-three from Yale, eleven from William and Mary, eight from the University of Pennsylvania, four from Columbia college, one from Brown University, and one from Rutgers college, and twenty-one were educated in foreign universities.

After showing how these graduates were distributed in the Colonies the extract concludes.

Thus it appears that Princeton had representatives from ten of the Colonies; Yale, from six; Harvard, from five; the University of Pennsylvania, from three; William and Mary, from two; and Columbia, Brown, and Rutgers, one from each. Fifty-six delegates signed the Declaration of Independence. Of these twenty-eight, or just one-half, were college graduates.

Music.—J. E. Ditson & Co., 922 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Brown Eyes has that Little Maiden.—Geo. L. Osgood.

Heart for Heart.—Ballad. Words, Mrs. Alfred Cawthorne. *Music*, H

P. Dauks.

Must We then Meet as strangers?—Ballad. Words, Geo. Cooper. *Music*,

J. R. Thomas.

A Hundred Years Ago.—Words, I. Cheever Goodwin. *Music*, Ed. E. Rice.

Tommy Make Room for your Auntie.—Miss Jennie Hughes.

Grand Centennial March.—D. L. Downing.

Better Times Waltz, (Bessere Zeiten).—Strauss.

Red Cross March.—G. D. Wieson.

Princess Wunderhold, Satanstück.—Albert Biehl.

Washington March. New.—F. Arousan.

Flower of the Flock March.—Frank Green.

Pollivog Galop.—H. Tissington.

Carmina Collegensia.—Harry Randall Waite.

We have on our table quite a number of late publications, vocal and instrumental. Undoubtedly they have been before the public some time: but we feel in the humor of saying a few words about them—as impartially as we can.

There has always been among English speaking people a fond love for the Ballad, but we must say the style of the popular song has degenerated a great deal, of late. The element in them that secures their reception seems to be a sentimentality rather too low and gross—and the line between some of the productions that appear to-day in many of the city parlors and those that are crammed in the heads and pockets of Bowery youths of leisure is rather indefinite. And yet, and we say it thankfully, there are many songs sung to-day that are as tender and as beautiful in their thought and feeling as they are sweet in their melody.

There is a class where thought and melody both are good. They take their place at once in the parlor and yet are never desecrated to the use of our sidewalk musicians. We predict such a future for *Brown Eyes has that Little Maiden*, and certainly it deserves it.

The Instrumental pieces at our hand are not fully equal to our idea.

The finest, by far, of any handed to us is the *Princess Wunderhold*. We are reminded, strongly, in the opening movement of *Amaryllis*, while the melody itself is much sweeter. As the piece proceeds, we catch a strain or two that brings back the old Monastery Bells. It is an extraordinarily beautiful piece and we do not wonder at its popularity. We do not hesitate to commend it as it deserves.

We are pleased to notice a new edition of *Carmina Collegensia*—very much enlarged, and much better in every respect than that issued in 1868. The same editor promises soon two smaller books—*University Songs* and *Songs of the Colleges*. The first is to contain the songs of Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, Brown and Yale; the latter to be composed of the musical effusions of the other colleges.

Certainly the enterprise shown by the Publishers in the production of all varieties of music is very commendable. They have lately taken a firm foot-hold in Philadelphia and we hope to see them, and we know they will as much as in their power, elevate the public taste by fostering and promulgating the very best of ordinary and the very purest of classical music.

EXCHANGES.

A literary magazine beyond a doubt has a character, and we believe it incumbent on its conductors to maintain it, as far as possible, unsullied. What constitutes this character exactly we shall not say. It would be prolix to name the elements and—our speech might commit us. Manly courtesy and criticism, however, are merely hints at what *we* would denominate character. But hold! we hear a whisper—"Ah now, you're talking," and in truth we confess this strain awfully out of sorts with *some* periodicals. We hope that none will take umbrage, nor the gossips construe it into a reflection. We are sure with us it was spontaneous and then, it is original—at least to *some*—so we expressed it. Alack!—we forgot altogether—perhaps the great retiring soul that, agitated oftentimes by a "righteous indignation" thundered through this portal, may think that we are tapping him on the shoulder. Oh no! he is a man of better sense, and moreover, had it not been for an adverse fate, his chariot's wheels might still be heard echoing on the pavement. Why then this ado? Simply because the NASSAU LIT. is literary *purum et simplex*. It takes a slight departure, convinced, aside from propriety, that a bi-monthly tirade on weekly and fortnightly papers is as futile and ludicrous as the little war which the Hibernian waged with a Summer night and musquitos. It stands on a dignified upland, aloof from trivial altercations, inviting, on the one hand, fair, disinterested, good-natured criticism and hoping to return it. On the other, silencing the puny carper in the words of the stately Brutus:

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;—

We continue no longer in this wise. The result of the Cincinnati Convention proved us exceedingly poor at forecasting and we tremble lest our conclusions chance to contain more than the premises warrant. Still *we mean* to make our reasoning good. May angels assist us! Well, as the gods would have it, the evening that should have found us in the sanctum with our visitors from abroad, found us strolling with the "maid of Athens," and be it known to our credit we did not leave her abruptly. It was mildly late when we said *au revoir* to Claire—for that is her name—and threw ourselves in "the lounging chair" (a pet title we would like to give this department as better suited to the humor of the present lounge), disheartened at the practical spirit of the age and deprecating that taste, not begotten of culture, which precludes genuine sentiment from college journals. In a word the night was close, and many of the exchanges sympathized with us in one respect only,—they were *dry*.

The *Lampoon* first caught our eye and refreshed, in a degree, our spirits, though under the June bugs and *Lampy's* wit the editorial shirt wilted. (100° Princeton heat. This is in the neighborhood of 80° Patent Cambridge Thermometer). "Halworthie" and "A close shave for the Annuals" are the most characteristic etchings. "Broke, Broke, Broke" might do for *Punch* but it gives place to this, from a previous issue:

Only a small bit of paper,
With just a few dates, nothing more—
Which at an unfortunate moment
Slipped out from my sleeve on the floor.

Only an Argus-eyed Proctor,
Who ever upon the *qui vive*,
Picked up with suppressed exultation
The paper which slipped from my sleeve.

Only four months in the country,
A little vacation,—that's all—
But the trade of a Proctor still strikes me
As something exceedingly small.

The last *Record* or two accidentally turns up and in glancing over them we discover a scurrilous leader or two, evincing a surprising knowledge of Princeton, a marked ability to crystallize vague impressions and fancies into facts, (which goes by different names) and an equally marked inability to foresee that these scandals only reflect disgrace on Yale. They most graciously remind us of the revival, which further reminds us of a Biblical reason why we should answer this insignificance no farther. There is a saying by one Solomon which runneth somewhat thusly:—"If a wise man contendeth with a foolish man whether he rage or laugh there is no rest." Foolish *Record* in libellous personality and "superfluity of naughtiness" thou art an easy victor. We yield the palm. We neither rage nor laugh but rest.

A kind of literary nonchalance pervades the *Yale Lit.* for May, which is very agreeable. Note "Napoleon III. in Caricature" and the engaging style of "College Debts." The latter may also be seen in the Editors Table. Thackery says, the critic's livelihood is to find fault. Yet we feel confident that the graceful writer of the Table will not think our sustenance so meager, even if we pronounce his judgment hasty in considering "Hawthorne" a "trite" subject. G. P. Lathrop's "A study of Hawthorne" would hardly justify this opinion. Did he forget the essay subjects for the next Inter-Collegiate Contest?

This clip slipped out unaware.

Captain Cook.—Gentlemen, there was once a Dutchman who explained why he was not crowned at a fishing party. He said, "it was because he did no go in te poat." Follow his example! Adopt the Dutchman's tactics. Don't row in the race, and neither Columbia nor Cornell can beat old Yale! (Hear! Hear!)

Crimson.—We congratulate Harvard on having an addition to their elective facilities. In a recent circular issued by the Faculty it is said:

"The elective course of studies at Harvard College will hereafter be open to persons not less than twenty-one years of age, who shall satisfy the faculty of their fitness to pursue the particular courses they elect, although they have not passed the usual examination for admission to college and do not propose to be candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Tuition fees will be required."

It is one step nearer the German system and we are glad to see it. It affords too, as the *Crimson* says, an opportunity to graduates to take up studies for which they had not had time in college, or which they passed by through misappreciation.

Brunonian.—We always welcome such an exchange, neat in its appearance, sensible and readable in its contents. "Is Original Thought Possible" shows, at least, original thinking. While "Rashness in Criticism" tells the tale of more than one of our *paper* friends. "Mon Chateau En Espagne" is really pretty in thought and measure.

College Herald.—Our Lewisburg friends are patriotic anyway. They spent the other night following a fife and drum around town, in honor, we think they said, of the Centennial. Becoming hopelessly entangled in what they call "the Seminary Grove," they were rallied by the recital of an inspiring poem and a couple of Fourth of July orations and were dispersed to the martial strains of the Star Spangled Banner. "Up for the Squintennial!"

Advocate.—The *Advocate* has had its annual dinner and having done it thorough justice, sits down and discourses at length on "Optional Church" and, "Elective Studies."

We are heartily glad at any advance in the elective system and when it has been found out at Princeton that with a slightly more extensive preparation the whole Freshman year can be quietly dispensed with—the entire course advanced and time, and opportunity given for more outside reading—we will have taken a grand step towards becoming a thoroughly liberal educational institution.

Cornell Era.—In one of their debates at Ithaca, upon American and German Universities, this point was brought out which all our colleges must acknowledge as too true.

"If an unfortunate choice is made in the selection of a professor in an American college, there is no remedy but to await the work of time. The harm of a poor professor in a college is immense. Unconsciously he leads students into loose methods of study. He renders a noble subject so unattractive as to make it ever after loathsome. It would be better to leave the chairs of such professors vacant and depend upon good books for instruction than to have stumbling blocks in the way."

Why can't our colleges have, like Germany, the competitive lecture system between professors and *privat doctenten* when both can lecture on the same subject and the better man command the larger attendance?

University Herald.—They have had their Field Day at Syracuse and positively some of the most remarkable scores are sent us in this paper that we ever saw.

Think of a 100 yard dash in $6\frac{1}{4}$ seconds! And a standing long jump of 11 feet 3 inches! We hav'n't a word against their throwing a base ball the tremendous (?) distance of 273 feet, but when it comes to a 100 yards in $6\frac{1}{4}$ seconds—we must take some notice of it.

PERSONAL.

'39. Joel Parker, New Jersey's "Favorite Son."

'52. J. Donald Cameron, "Don" was appointed the 22d. of last May to the War Portfolio.

'54. Dr. Addison W. Woodhull, An esteemed physician of New Jersey died at Newark, last month.

'57. N. P. Ketcham, D.D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Plainfield, N. J.

'66. John A. Blair, The law firm of Blair & White is in its new office, Jersey City, N. J.

'67. Marsh, Member of the firm of Titsworth, Marsh & Co., Newark, N. J., has recently tied the nuptial knot.

'69. Anderson, Preaching in the Reformed Church at Peapack, N. J. Happy parient!

'71. A. G. Van Cleve, First alumnus who subscribed to '77's Lit., and withal a matrimonial prospect. Bully boy!

'71. E. H. Perkins, Jr., Practicing Law in Baltimore.

'72. Karl Kase, Preparing for the stage.

'74. DeLancey Nicoll, President of this year's graduating class of Columbia College Law School, received honorable mention for excellence in essays and examinations.

'75. L. Kargé and "Tete," Summering and summering at Princeton.

'75. "Pop" Reilly, Is in town. He says that he is studying the underlying principles of (W)right and wrong.

'76. White, Going to strike for the class cup!

'78. "Dick" Greene.—"Have you a *trans* to Tacitus?" Junior —. "No, I sold mine." "Dick."—"Never mind, I only wanted to hunt up a few historical allusions."

'78. Palmer, Contemplates returning to college.

'78. Dwight, Has recovered from his illness. It is reported that "Dwinkie" is growing fat. Wuh!

'79. Woodbury, Is still in training. McGaw intends to represent Princeton in the single scull at Saratoga, (*See N. Y. Herald.*)

'80. Passing entrance examinations in Princeton, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Savannah. *Pauvres diables!*